

THE
SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1873.

MR. CARINGTON.

CHAPTER XII.

DOCTOR OLIPHANT ARRIVES.

Astrologos. Two wise men make a fool,
Just as grammarians show two negatives
Make an affirmative.

Alouette. You wise Papa !
Now if I say I will not *not* NOT NOT
Do what I'm told, is that affirmative,
Or negative, or what ? I don't believe
That it takes *two* wise men to make a fool.

Astrologos. You shall be whipt, Miss Pert.

The Comedy of Dreams.

ELINOR. There she stood, blithe and lissom, with a flush on her cheek, with a light in her eye, with a gay smile on her lip.

Mr. Carington came forward and said,—

“Why, my child, where have you been ? We all thought you lost.”

Before she had time to reply a door was burst open, and Lucy Walter ran in crying excitedly,—

“The Earl is so ill. O please come and help me !”

Mr. Carington waved the others back, and walked alone to Lord Delamere's room ; alone, for Lucy Walter had fainted, and Elinor was straightway doing her best to revive her. He found the Earl on a couch, almost insensible : he quickly administered some brandy ; servants had crowded to the door, but he permitted only one man to remain, an old footman out of livery who looked thoughtful.

So soon as he had made these arrangements he returned to the Hall where Lucy Walter was still under Elinor's charge, while the two young men stood in that state of bored helplessness natural to male youth in time of trouble or sickness. Mr. Carington, disregarding all questions, told Stephen O'Hara to ride for the Earl's doctor—haste, post haste, as they said in the olden times. O'Hara started promptly.

"Is it dangerous?" whispered Fitz-Rupert.

"I think not," replied Mr. Carington. "Spasm of the heart, I fancy. Look here. Will you two smoke or play billiards, or both if you like, and entertain that fellow Ostravieff if he should come into the Hall? I must talk to Elinor before you do."

"It is rather hard," said Frank Noel, ruefully, and Rupert Fitz-Rupert looked an echo of the sentiment.

"Pooh, pooh! You see she is safe. You need not want at once to know her adventures, which probably are commonplace enough. Go and study dynamics on the level green cloth: there is much mathematic lore in billiards."

"And much brandy and seltzer," said Rupert. "I obey, Carington. My heart is lost: please inquire if anyone has found it."

Having found occupation for the young men, Mr. Carington turned to the young women. Lucy Walter did not seem to improve much. Elinor could not manage her: but Mr. Carington took her by the arm, and said sharply,—

"Come, Lucy, you ought to be attending to your duties. Lord Delamere is very ill all this time. Shake off this foolish weakness, and attend to him."

The sharp tone of the reproof was a tonic. Lucy Walter discovered that she could walk to the Earl's room: having made that discovery, she became useful once more. Leaving her there, Mr. Carington took Elinor upstairs to the gallery on the first floor, and said very quietly,—

"Now, child, where have you been?"

"Only to Carlisle, sir. I have been staying at the Bush Hotel, where the landlord and landlady are the nicest people with the oddest name . . . only fancy, Cowx! But you got my letter, surely."

"No, indeed," he said. "I suppose these snow-storms have kept back the mails. Tell me, then, why did you suddenly leave Hyslope?"

"I was frightened. One day as I was walking alone a man dressed like a clergyman came up to me and told me a long rambling story that made me at first think he was mad. He asked me if I remembered seeing him at the Pheasant Inn, but I didn't, a bit. He said he was chaplain to that Russian Prince, and that the Prince was madly in love with me, and meant to carry me away from Hyslope. He implored me not to go back there just now, and not to say a word to anyone of what he had told me. He looked so serious that I felt sure he was in earnest: so, having heard all sorts of horrid things about Russian Princes, I determined not to go home again. I walked to Carlisle; got hospitable entertainment at the Bush; should have stayed till I got an answer from you to the letter you missed, only the Earl's groom and another man came and told me you were at Delamere."

"How did they find you out?" asked Mr. Carington.

"I think that chaplain of the Prince's told them. He seems rather ashamed of himself for being in that monster's service. Of course the moment I knew you were here I felt safe. But the Earl . . . is he very ill?"

"Not very, I think. With the exception of weakness of the heart, he has a splendid constitution. We shall not lose him yet, I hope: I heartily hope it, for I want him to make a proper will, which I don't believe he has ever done."

"O Mr. Carington, how can you think of it?"

"If a man is unjust all his life long, Elinor—and too many of us are—he should at least try to be just on his deathbed. Delamere shall if I can manage it. I have seen more deathbeds and witnessed more wills than most men . . . and I am happy to say that the only legacy I have ever received from my departed friends is the firm faith that no gentleman need be afraid of death."

"O Mr. Carington!"

"Well, we won't shock you, Elinor. Leave me to manage the Earl. Did you find it very slow at Carlisle?"

"O no. The Bush is in the chief street, and there were such odd people moving about, and there was quite a volume of epigrams written with diamonds on old-fashioned window-panes. One cynic had written

'Whene'er I see a man's name
Cut upon the glass,
I know he owns a diamond,
And his father owns an ass.'"

"Not bad," said Mr. Carington, "though the fellow could not resist the temptation of showing that he also owned a diamond . . . and a brain. But didn't the worthy innkeepers think it odd to entertain a girl like you, without any luggage or any companion or any name?"

"I don't know what they thought," she answered, "but they were thoroughly kind. They gave me comfortable rooms and delightful breakfasts and dinners. And Mrs. Cowx, who is the prettiest little woman in the world, lent me a night-dress. O dear! you should have seen me in it."

"I dare say you looked rather pretty, Elinor—all the prettier if there was not enough to cover you."

Elinor pinched him.

"Now, child," he said, "I must be serious. This is an important time. The doctor will be here soon, I hope. I have had rooms prepared for you on this floor: remain in them till I come to you: if you want anything, ring for it, but do not leave the apartment. This is the door. Good-bye."

He kissed her brow, and left her. She entered a pleasant room, where burnt a noble fire. Pictures were on the walls; books on

many shelves; the windows gave a wide view over snow-smothered fells. She sank into a chair, and tried to think. I must not tread too closely in the track of her thought, else there is no knowing how many secrets I may betray.

When she had meditated a while her natural restlessness led her to look at the book cases. The books were all arrangeable in three classes . . . casuistry, poetry, geometry. Either the little isolated library had been formed by three successive men with a hobby apiece or by one man with three crazes. Some of the books were in manuscript. One was geometric, to supersede that dreadful old bore Euclid; the first definition was . . .

“A point is an infinitely small sphere.”

Again :

“A circle is a regular polygon with an infinite number of sides.”

Again :

“An angle is the space contained between two infinite lines that meet in a point.”

These MS. books were written in a quaint small hand, with wide margins, and curious marginalia; and the diagrams were drawn most delicately. Elinor was interested in them, though she knew no more of geometry than is the usual way with girls. Some of the casuistry she found amusing; there were such naughty cases of conscience put—enough to perplex even the gentry who send Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer conscience money.

By the way, hardly had I written this sentence when I noticed that one K. R. J. had sent the said Chancellor £4070, for unpaid income-tax. It may be assumed that he considers he has received about a quarter of a million which he has never accounted for. Does this exhaust his default? Surely, if a man has got behind in payment of income-tax by some error, he ought to go straight to the tax-collector. I question whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer has legal right to receive these anonymous moneys. If I were that unfortunate ministerial cashier, I would use the machinery of the detective police to discover Mr. K. R. J., and would require from him a definite statement of income.

If men have more money than they want, they might help their neighbours, their poor relations, their municipalities.

In old days, rich men were wise enough to help men of letters, who gave them in return something better than all their gold. From Homer to Walter of the Bird Meadow, minstrels were beloved by kings and chiefs. Now they seem only to love flatterers, panders, led-captains. It never occurs to a man with limitless wealth, when a book has delighted him, to repay the author in some slight measure. We are all getting sordid and stingy. I rejoice to see that King

Amadeus of Spain is worthy of elder times, and will himself rebuild the Escorial. In some countries, and richer, the monarch would have headed a subscription list with £1000. Long reign Amadeus! [Alas, even as I read this proof, the gallant young king has left a kingdom that could not appreciate him.]

Elinor found the poetry pleasantest. There were some Elizabethan and Caroline poets she had never seen before—Jonson and Herrick, Suckling and Lovelace. Presently she found some MS. volumes of verse by the same hand that had written on drier matters, and in the fly-leaf of the first she took up, was inscribed "*C.D. ætate C.*"

"Could it mean," she thought, "that the writer was a hundred years old? Five times as old as I am. What a waste of years it seems!"

She read the first poem in the volume: thus it ran:—

"I have been young and now am old;
I then was weak, I now am strong.
Thus say I, as the sunset's gold
Is poured the western skies along.

Weak was I, for I loved to see
A pretty girl with blushing cheek,
And if the damsel smiled at me,
I grew that minute twice as weak.

Weak was I, since I longed for fame,
And if there dropt a ray oblique
Of sunshine on my boyish name,
Why I was twenty times as weak.

Strong am I now: because the maid
Who shall be lovely in these eyes
Must be no foolish flirting jade,
But softly gay and simply wise.

Strong am I, since I cannot care
For fickle fancies of the throng,
But love to breathe Olympian air
With the disdainful God of Song.

The crowding years are gifts of gold;
He wrongs himself whom Time can wrong.
I have been young and now am old:
I then was weak—I now am strong."

Little Elinor pondered over these verses, her white forefinger in the book, without passing on to see what next the centenarian poet might have to say. This child, as may have to be explained by-and-by, had been forced to lead a curious irregular isolated life, and, but for Mr. Carington, might have fallen into many misfortunes. But he had always aided her, treating her with an affectionate care, half-chivalrous, half-paternal, and Elinor, in return, believed him the

best of men. He was not that, but he was a long way above the worst. When Elinor read C. D.'s verses, she thought they were just what Mr. Carington might have written.

"I used to fancy," she soliloquized, looking over the snowy fells with the Russia-bound book in her hand, "that every year of life was a loss. I see now it is a gain—it is knowledge, it is power. Those who repine at growing old are those who have no true faith in the soul's immortality. Now I shall always thank God for every day that is given me. Why, I am a baby yet—though no such child, neither—I wonder how I shall feel when I am a hundred."

Thus pondering, she reverted to the volume.

Meanwhile, below stairs, Dr. Oliphant had arrived. Oliphant, M.D. of Edinburgh, discoverer of several alkaloids, and the most famous physician in Lakeland. He was a tonic doctor, certain and sanguine. His resolute medical pugnacity had snatched many a man from the clutch of Death. He cheered the timid, and scolded the hypochondriac. He had specifics of his own, the products of the new alchymy—nymphine, diaboline, I know not what. He had a modest air of repressed omniscience. A man of weighty wisdom, he was not altogether unlike the marvellous quadruped that conferred his family name.

Mr. Carington had judged rightly what was the matter with Lord Delamere.

"You have done the very best thing for him," said Oliphant. "He has been subject to an affection of the heart since first I attended him. He must have stimulants and tonics, but, above all, no excitement of any kind. I think I had better stay here to-night, for I should like to be with him when he recovers from his present state of apathy."

"We will try to make you comfortable, Doctor," said Mr. Carington. "I am obliged to take my old friend's place, though I had not seen him for more than twenty years, and though my visit here was without invitation. Delamere is a good hater, Dr. Oliphant. He has had much to excite him lately. I want him to make an equitable will: now of course I cannot argue with him, and he may die without atoning for the evil he has done. However, I have always played a waiting game, and I shall wait now. Quietude, you think, is his best medicine?"

"I do. If in a few days he rallies, you might venture to speak to him on matters of business. Who is the young person waiting on him? I have often wondered."

"Lucy Walter, she styles herself. The Earl described her as his secretary. I do not quite understand her: she is more actress than lady. There are two servants' hall rumours about her—one that she is his illegitimate daughter, the other that her connexion with him is otherwise illegitimate. I believe neither."

"No?"

"No. He was always eccentric. He likes pretty people about him. She is some girl he has accidentally picked up to be half servant, half companion, seeing her to be pretty and clever. I am not capable of judging whether she is the best person to wait upon him in his present state."

"I think so," said Dr. Oliphant. "He is used to her, and she seems affectionately attentive. She will make a very good nurse."

"Be it so. Now, won't you come into the Hall and refresh yourself? I suspect my young friends are playing billiards."

They were. Mr. Carington obtained some refreshment for the Doctor, and introduced him to Prince Oistravieff; who, looking ten feet high in his long fur coat, was severely scrutinizing the boys' play. He was very savage, for Mr. Carington had discovered the cowardice hidden under his brutality. There are few of us who like our weaknesses found out. Oistravieff would have had Mr. Carington assassinated with pleasure inexpressible.

Frank and Rupert had been playing with variable results. Frank was too careless for billiards: Rupert too impetuous. They stopped on Mr. Carington's entrance.

"What a bore the game is!" cried Frank Noel.

"What a bore everything is," said Rupert Fitz-Rupert, "except a yacht race or a cross country ride or wooing a lovely girl!"

"All things you can do well, Fitz," said Mr. Carington, laughing. "What you do well is never a bore: what you do ill, always. Come, will you play a game of billiards with me? I have not touched a cue for years."

They played—Fitz-Rupert began with a score of eleven, but he saw nothing of the balls any more. Mr. Carington scored his fifty right away, and might have gone on apparently for any length of time.

"You *play*, Mr Carington," emphasized the Prince.

"I thought I had forgotten the way," he replied. "Ravioli taught me, before these boys were born: he taught me chess, too, and *écarté* and piquet and fencing and tennis—"

"Ha!" cried Rupert Fitz-Rupert, "are there any foils about? I *should* like a fencing bout, just to warm me, this snowy time."

"Try one with Frank," said Mr. Carington. "Prince Oistravieff and I will roll the billiard balls about."

The boys found foils, and fenced very badly. Their elders tried billiards, and found themselves evenly matched. Perhaps the Englishman had rather the best of it: but then the Prince was accustomed to play the cannon game, on tables without pockets. It is certainly the more elegant and scientific.

"You boys don't fence," said Mr Carington. "You use your arms too much, your wrists and bodies too little. The preliminary

business should be all wrist work : the minute you see your way through let your whole weight fall on your opponent."

"They had better try the box," said Oistravieff, scornfully. "It is a fine fierce British encounter."

"I have found it useful in my time," said Mr. Carington. "In a long life, one has now and then to take one's own part, or even the part of some distressed damsel. I think fighting imbecile, but I think incapacity to fight infinitely more imbecile. *Si vis pacem, para bellum.*"

"You talk most wisely," said Dr Oliphant, who had been eating many mutton chops all this while. "But I must go to my patient."

"I also," said Mr. Carington ; but I think he meant another patient : for, after receiving from Dr Oliphant at the Earl's door a report that the Earl's situation was unaltered, he went quietly upstairs, and entered Elinor's apartment.

The child was asleep. C. D. had been too much for her, perhaps. She lay back in her easy chair, with semiriant lips, breathing fragrant and equable breath, with a happy look upon her unconscious face.

Mr. Carington took pen, ink, and paper, and rhymed :

"I'll kiss the lovely girl, who seems
So happy in the world of dreams,
And I shall win for that sweet sin,
A pair of gloves.

"Ah, but if some one young and bright,
Were here to wake those eyes of light,
I guess that we should quickly see
A pair of loves."

Having achieved this trifle, he woke the pretty little rogue in the proper way, and made great fun of her as she read it.

"How you teaze me !" she said. "But it is very kind of you to teaze me so prettily. Is the Earl better ?"

"There is no change," he said, "nor may be for some days. I thought of your difficulties, and sent to Hyslope for your boxes. We are quite a party now : there's Prince Oistravieff."

"I hate him."

"Nonsense, child : only despise the barbarian. Then we've the two young gentlemen, my godson and Fitz, both good fellows, both tremendously in love with you."

"I can't have *both*, you know," she said.

"I guess you will find one quite enough ! but don't decide hurriedly for either unless you feel he is your master."

"My—*what* ? MASTER ?"

"Yes, Elinor. Is it such a dreadful word ? Why, I am your master

now. You do all I tell you. You would be sorry if I did not tell you what to do. If I were to say, Elinor, you are to go to bed instead of coming down to dinner, you would obey, would you not?"

"I obey you with pleasure. But obeying one's husband is quite different."

"Quite. It is a thousand times pleasanter. And then you know there will be the pleasure of rebelling and being punished for it."

Elinor reflected awhile.

"There is something about that in a book of manuscript poems I have found here," she said. "They are by C. D. Who was C. D. I wonder?"

"I will tell you presently," said Mr. Carington. "Show me your verses."

They were these :—

"My Phyllis is a daring rebel,
And quarrels with me, face to face,
And when she scolds she sings in treble,
And when I growl I sing in bass.

"She wants the newest-fashioned kirtle ;
She wants to ask the Duke to dine.
Dear Venus, bring a rod of myrtle,
And make the pretty rascal whine."

"I hope Venus answered the appeal," said Mr. Carington. "Still I think the goddess has some contempt for men who cannot manage their wives without her assistance. C. D. I fancy was only ironical."

"Do tell me who C. D. was."

"He was Constantine, Earl of Delamere, great-grandfather of my poor friend downstairs. He was a gallant adventurer, a lover of poetry and science, a lover also of one woman only. He married at twenty his cousin, Maud Delamere, who was born on the very same day as himself. Twelve months from her marriage day she gave birth to a son and died. Lord Delamere lived to a hundred and ten, outliving his son and his grandson. But he never thought of marrying again, though full of courtesy to all ladies. His autobiography in manuscript is somewhere here. All that he has written deserves publication. He was succeeded by his great-grandson, then a boy—my old friend Edward Delamere. If you search those books you will find poetry of his with deeper thoughts in it than those you have yet discovered."

"How sad a story!" she said.

"I don't know," said Mr. Carington—"It would have been very sad if he had married again, as most men would. But come, Elinor, your trunks have been brought in: dress as radiantly as you can, and come down and fascinate us all. *Remember!*"

"I will," she said.

CHAPTER XIII.

A QUEER DINNER-PARTY.

"While men are dying, their survivors dine."

THICK fell the snow all over the land of the meres. It looked very much as though Delamere would be so surrounded by drift as to render egress and ingress impossible. The Earl of Delamere lay insensible on his bed, kept up by stimulants. Doctor Oliphant saw clearly that it was a matter of constitutional strength whether he would live or die, the chances seeming evenly balanced. Lucy Walter remained in attendance upon him; but even poor Lucy got tired now and then, and ran out into the corridor for a breath of fresh air. And once when she did this, whom should she see but Elinor, sweeping downstairs to dinner, in a pale blue dress trimmed with swan's-down, with a necklace of pearls resting on her rose-flusht skin . . . looking radiant, by Mr. Carington's orders?

Lucy shrank back into the anteroom.

"What has that girl to do here?" she thought. "Who is she? How dare these people enjoy themselves while dear Lord Delamere is so ill?"

The poor little thing returned to the Earl's bedside, and wept as she thought of his tyrannical kindness. She was a mystery to herself this Lucy Walter—no wonder she was a mystery to others.

It is admitted that doctors must dine, whatever the destiny of their patients, and Oliphant, though he had eaten a great number of mutton chops, was not slow to do his duty when dinner was served. It was served in the Great Hall, at a comfortable distance from the vast wood fire: and Elinor was of course the only lady; and the others were Mr. Carington, the Doctor, Frank and Rupert, Prince Oistravieff. The Prince did not tolerate his clerical secretary at the same table with himself. The Prince, as we have seen, had high ideas of his own importance. It is doubtful whether anybody had so greatly lowered him in his own estimation as Mr. Carington . . . not even the Czar Nicholas, when he one day condescended to kick him.

The boys, the Prince, the Doctor, all looked admiringly on Elinor. There was a fine woman . . . yet no more than a girl. She was unconscious, easy, exquisite. She had not a coquetry about her. Mr. Carington looked at her very much as a creative artist looks at his creature; truth to say, he had found Elinor a neglected child, and had developed her (so he thought) into the loveliest woman in the world. Like Pygmalion, he was in love with his own work! but there was no need to give life to it. Already that was done.

THE DINNER-TABLE.

ELINOR.

FRANK.

RUPERT.

OISTRAVIEFF.

OLIPHANT.

MR. CARINGTON.

Our dear Epicurean reader is requested to fill up the blank parallelogram for himself, remembering that Lord Delanere kept an excellent cook.

The situation was amusing. Frank and Rupert each made love to Elinor, in quite different ways. Frank was earnest and Fitz was impetuous. Oistravieff and Oliphant glared at each other, and were now and then satirical: the Russ and the Scot did not suit by any means. Mr. Carington watched the comedy; managed the dinner,—now and then dropt a witticism,—now and then gave Elinor a pleasant word, a pleasant smile, for which the child was grateful.

What a beauty she looked! The lack-lustre eyes of the Russian turned upon her with an expression which made both Frank and Rupert long to punch his barbaric head. Her eyes were full of light, her lips of fun. Her shoulders were like the marble of Pentelicus when sunset strews it with shadowy rose leaves. The curves of her form, the dimples on her hands, all her easy movements, were ravishing. The boys were awfully in love. Mr. Carington looked on in amusement.

"The youngsters will have to fight it out," he thought.

Twice during dinner Doctor Oliphant visited the Earl, bringing back no news of change. When dinner was over and Elinor rose to go, Mr. Carington said to her,—

"I shall come and fetch you in half an hour or so to give us some tea and coffee."

Then she flitted, and they began to smoke: fumes of tobacco soon disappeared amid the dim rafters of that lofty hall.

"We are curiously situate here, Carington," said Rupert Fitz-Rupert, presently. "It seems a shame to be carelessly enjoying ourselves while the master of the house is perhaps dying. I, who have never seen him, feel that I have no right to be here."

"It does seem rather too bad," said Frank; "but he asked me to come, and I could not well go away."

"I should think not," said Carington, laughing. "Your scruples, my dear Rupert, may be at once dismissed. You are *my* guest. As

to Frank, it is his duty to stay. And you, Prince Oistravieff, would not like to leave our friend at this moment, I am sure."

"Most certainly not," said that Prince.

"Now," pursued Mr. Carington, "I knew Lord Delamere before either of you boys were born. I know that if he thought anybody pitied him he would deem it an insult. It would give him, I can swear to it, the highest satisfaction to know that a good dinner was served to his guests although he were dying. I hope he is not dying. I want to say to him something of immense importance, which left unsaid may result in cruel wrong. I mean to stay here; and you must stay, Frank, and you, Rupert, may as well remain as my guest, unless indeed my little Elinor frightens you away by her ugliness."

The Prince would have liked to speak, but he was afraid of Mr. Carington. That cool, easy, imperturbable man was too much for the barbarian. His brain was clear; his hand was steady; he was absolutely fearless. He looked upon vice as folly, and thought Cuvier had proved the devil to be gaminivorous. His contempt of social opinion had made him the leader of social opinion.

By-and-by coffee and tea were brought, and Mr. Carington went to fetch Elinor, who was lying back in the laziest of chairs reading more of Constantine Lord Delamere's MS. rhyme. A pretty picture she looked, with the fire-light playing on her pearl-girt throat and rosy dimpled hands.

"O, Mr. Carington," she cried "*must* I indeed come down again? I *am* so tired. I don't mind the two boys . . . young gentlemen, I mean . . . but I hate to have that Russian's small red eyes upon me. Do let me stop here and read. Look, here is a pretty bit."

She passed Mr. Carington the volume.

"O lady, I had loved you ere I knew
The possible meaning of that love which lies
In palpitating bosoms and sweet eyes,
And lips that have a summer-rosy dew,
Where a delicious fragrant breath pants through,
Sweeter than Eden's flowers. Now I arise,
Being by time and toil made strong and wise,
And find my dream a truth, and welcome you.
You! When I looked into the sunset skies
In boyish days, when all the world was new;
I dreamt a lady, worth a knight's emprise,
Reigned in that city amid aether blue.
Ah, prophecy of love, which never dies!
She has come down to me, and she is you."

"A quaint sonnet enough," quoth Mr. Carington. C. D.'s poetic trifles deserve to be edited. Worse work has some slight fame. I confess a liking for your gentlemanly poets."

"Well, now, here is another," said Elinor, leaning over him and pointing to the page.

"At church she looked on me a minute,
Then turned to read the holy book.
Methinks : well now, the devil's in it . . .
If she hated me, she wouldn't look.

"She looks but little at the parson :
She looks still less upon the clerk ;
But when she looks at me 'tis arson—
Her eyes send forth so fierce a spark.

"I waited for her after matins,
Where the old ivy's grown a tree.
Perhaps I slightly crushed her satins.
The ivy trembled : so did she."

"The old gentleman was amorous," said Mr. Carington, laughing.
"One might perhaps make a memoir of him out of these autobiographic lyrics. Clearly the lady whose devotions he interrupted was Lady Delamere, to whose memory he was true so many long years. We must search together, Elinor, for more records of this love of his, so happy and so brief. But now you must come downstairs."

"O, I am so tired," she said.

"Notwithstanding which, my dear child, you must do as I tell you. I never argue with children like you : I request them to obey, and they generally do it."

"And if they don't?" questioned Elinor.

"O ! I leave the result to your own imagination. Come, let us descend to the Hall. I am obliged to look after Lord Delamere's ill-matched visitors."

Elinor obeyed ; though she would rather have lazily remained in her chamber. She was to some extent awkwardly placed—between Oistravieff, who had formed a plot against her, and Frank Noel, with whom she was half in love, and Rupert Fitz-Rupert, whose eyes showed that he was much more than half in love with her. She shuddered at the Prince : she liked both Frank and Fitz . . . but then she had seen Frank first. She was altogether a perplexed little girl : but she sailed into the Great Hall under Mr. Carington's guidance as stately as a swan and as radiant as a peacock. Aroma of tea and coffee filtered through the air.

"It is pleasant to be in comfortable quarters, Doctor, on a night like this," said Mr. Carington. "You will never be able to get back to Carlisle till it thaws."

"I'm lucky enough to have a clever fellow as a partner," said Oliphant. "If there were no snow, I could not leave till the Earl takes a turn."

"He has a fine constitution," said Mr. Carington.

"He had," replied the Doctor, "but he must have played a good many tricks with it. Still, I don't at all despair of him. He has such wonderful strength of will that the moment he recovers self-control I expect to find him grow rapidly better."

"He is getting old," remarked Mr. Carington.

"The Delameres are a long-lived family. I have considerable hope of the Earl, ill as he certainly is."

"I am heartily glad of it," replied Mr. Carington, "for many reasons."

At this point came round a footman with a tray of tea and coffee, which Elinor, having shaken off her laziness, was deftly pouring into cups of eggshell china. A very picture she was, Mr. Carington thought, as he looked up and caught her eye. Doctor Oliphant not only thought, but said so.

"What a lovely innocent face!" he said in a low tone. "I have not heard the young lady's name."

"She has none," said Mr. Carington with a smile, "I call her *Mystery*."

The good Doctor looked puzzled, but made no further inquiry. Meanwhile Elinor, sky-blue with a touch of snow, lighted up the Great Hall like a gentian amid the Alps, and held her little court of three. Frank Noel kept close to her, and listened happily to her gay prattle, like the big dog he was. Like a big dog he had slept at her chamber door, that night at the Pheasant—and she had accepted his homage and guardianship: and he began to regard her as his liege mistress. The rivalry of the dauntless Fitz-Rupert, though his talk was as gay as a Madrid serenade, did not seriously trouble Frank. He fancied his pretty mistress had almost made up her mind. He did not disturb that somewhat slowly-moving brain of his.

Rupert himself was in a more excited mood. He knew that Frank had the start of him. Odds against him clearly: but the house of Fitz-Rupert had always loved to have the odds against them. Always had they taken in war and politics the weaker side: often made it the stronger. Fitz felt joyous when some of his daring fancies made pretty Elinor laugh till tears brightened her eyes—lazy Frank all the while content to listen, content to silently drink in her loveliness. The Prince was more brilliant than Frank. The Prince interposed now and then with a neat little anecdote, or an elegant compliment to the lady, or a keen comment on something Fitz-Rupert had said. Mr. Carington and the Doctor meanwhile, having finished their cup of tea, were pacing the other side of the Great Hall in desultory converse.

"As Mr. Carington was saying just now," observed Fitz-Rupert, "a fall of snow outside increases the comfort of a cosy corner like this. This noble Hall, set right among the snowy hills, is very fine. One only wants a pack of wolves howling outside, as they have them in the Pyrenees, to make it perfect."

A great wolf-hound that lay asleep before the fire gave a gigantic stretch, as if Rupert's remark had stimulated his dreams.

"I was once besieged by wolves in a little inn about thirty miles from St Petersburg," said the Prince. "I had gone there on important business for my Imperial Master, and we were shut up in the snow, and the wolves were fiendishly hungry. The doors and windows

were not at all secure, and the provisions began to run short. It was a question whether we should be starved or eaten. We were luckily released by a troop of artillery, sent out to try how they could manœuvre in a snow drift. They had fine practice at the unlucky wolves."

"Pity the wolves did not eat your Highness," thought Rupert.

"Do you play the guitar, Elinor?" said Mr. Carington, coming up at this moment. "Yes, I know you do. There is such a beauty here, made, as an inscription on a gold plate says, from one of the famous chestnut trees of Mount Etna. Come, will you sing us something?"

"You are very wicked," she said, gaily, "to ask me to sing on such a dreadful night as this. If I hoot like an owl you must take the consequences."

"O do sing," said Frank.

She sang—a mere trifle.

"A shepherd boy on the hillaide high
 Lazy, mischievous, fond of fun,
 Glad to get home ere day was done,
 Cried *Wolf!*
 Cried *Wolf!*
 Till the Wolf came, and 'twas vain to cry.

"A gay young fellow with giddy head,
 Always caught by a pretty face,
 Flirted with all the female race. . .
 Sang *I love!*
 Sang *I love!*
 Till he sang to a widow, who made him wed."

"Dire fate!" exclaimed Mr. Carington. "You are not sentimental to-night, Elinor."

"Not a bit," she said. "Let us be gay in snow-storms and pathetic in sunshine. Give me a guitar some August afternoon, when the swallows are specks in the air, and I'll make you shed tears as big as these pearls you gave me, Mr. Carington."

The clock in the Great Hall struck twelve.

"Time for little girls to be in bed. I must go. Good night, everybody."

She tripped across the hall, Mr. Carington attending her. The Doctor went to pay his patient another visit. The Prince and the two young men were left together.

There are times when it seems impossible to go to bed. This midnight was of that order. The curious meeting of men hitherto unknown to each other in this isolated house among the hills, whose master was probably dying, produced in their minds an excitement that was intensified by the fascination which Elinor cast over them. Prince Oistravieff, after moodily pacing the floor two or three times, rang for refreshments, and mixed a very strong dose of cognac with his soda-water. Frank Noel lay back in his chair and ruminated,

making pictures in the bright wood fire. Fitz-Rupert fidgetted ; wound his watch ; got up ; sat down again ; at last lighted a big regalia and tried the virtue of tobacco. It did not seem to soothe him much.

"I don't believe I shall sleep to-night," he suddenly exclaimed to Frank. "Do you know the mood of wakefulness, when it seems as if one would never sleep any more till the end of one's life ? That's how I feel."

"I am something in that way myself," quoth Frank ; "but being lazier than you, I don't show it so much. Still I don't mind calming my perturbed spirit with one of those cigars, if you have another about you."

Rupert offered his case.

"They are some I import myself," he said ; "stack them, and keep them three years before I smoke them."

"Ah, the smell tells their goodness," said Frank, taking a luxurious puff and lounging back in his chair. "Do you know I like a wakeful night like this for a change ? One can sleep to-morrow. But why do we feel so wakeful ?"

"As for me," said Rupert ; "that beautiful young creature whom Carington christens Mystery, makes me sleepless. She is magic as well as mystery. I don't even know her name."

"Nor I," quoth Frank. "I met her by the strangest chance. Carington knows her, but will tell me nothing. I fear she will spoil my sleep as well as yours—perhaps oftener."

"I wonder whether we are both in love," said Fitz, in a low voice. The Prince was a long way off, whistling an opera air as he walked up and down. "If so, let us fight fair."

"Agreed," said Frank, extending his huge hand ; good at a fight. "I am a confoundedly slow fellow, and you are just the reverse ; so, if you win the day, I must try to bear my misfortune."

"The tortoise beat the hare," said Rupert. "We shall see. All I say is, that Elinor the mystery is worthy of worship from better men than you and I. She is like a lady of old romance."

"She's a good English girl, for all that," quoth honest Frank. "You picture her sitting queen at a tournament, ready to crown with a chaplet of roses the victorious knight. I can imagine her with kilted petticoats milking a cow. She looked like a princess to-night, in a dress of blue sky and snowy cloud ; she would be every whit as charming if dressed like a dairymaid."

Prince Oistravieff had been gradually approaching them, and had evidently caught a part of their converse. He came forward to light a cigar ; while so doing he said slowly to Frank Noel, emitting puffs between every word or two :—

"It was—curious—that I should have the honour—to meet—you and the young lady—at the little inn,—and to mistake you—for a married couple. It was curious !"

Frank was roused. There was something insolent in the Prince's tone. He said, sternly :

"You had no right to make such an absurd mistake."

Rupert Fitz-Rupert, who knew nothing of all this, was looking from Frank to the Prince, and from the Prince to Frank, in a state of wonderment. Oistravieff's words were strange, but Rupert felt assured Frank Noel was honourable.

At this point, Mr. Carington and Dr. Oliphant entered the Hall.

The Prince was gaining time ; he appeared to have some difficulty with his cigar. At last he said—

"I regret any mistake I may have made. The customs of our countries differ. My servants informed me that you and the lady slept in the same room."

Frank sprang from his chair, put in his right as he had learnt it in Salisbury, and the luckless Prince lay a senseless log on the floor with a nose irremediably ruined.

"The damned liar !" exclaimed Frank Noel, picking up his cigar, and leaving the Russian to his fate as he sank back into his chair.

Fitz-Rupert went to pick up the demolished barbarian. Mr. Carington came forward, enquiring,

"What's all this ?"

Dr. Oliphant meanwhile was examining Oistravieff's *os frontis*.

"Better get him to bed, and I'll come and see what can be done," he said to a servant. "You hit pretty straight, Mr. Noel."

"The hound !" said Frank, getting up and gesticulating, which was much for him, the lazy fellow. "Look here, Fitz-Rupert. Elinor and I were caught in the snow at a little inn where this villain was. We could only get one bed-room. He had the impudence to say we slept together. Now the dear girl locked herself in, as I told her, and hadn't the least notion I slept on the mat outside her door. It was devilish cold."

"You were indiscreet, Frank," said Mr. Carington.

"So was the Prince," said Fitz-Rupert. "By Jove, Noel, that was the promptest thing I ever saw. That fellow will henceforth hold the fist of an Englishman in respect."

"He'll try to have you assassinated, Frank," said Mr. Carington.

"I'm not afraid, sir," said Frank Noel. "Threatened men live long. Doctor, when he comes to his senses, tell him to leave this as soon as he is well enough, for I'll thrash him whenever and wherever I see him, to the end of his life."

At this moment, Lucy Walter came suddenly into the Hall, white to the very lips, and exclaimed—

"O, come, Doctor, please, Lord Delamere is dying !"

(To be continued.)

A LEGACY.

AH, Postumus, we all must go :

This keen North-Easter nips my shoulder ;
My strength begins to fail ; I know
You find me older ;

I've made my Will. Dear, faithful friend—
My Muse's friend and not my purse's !
Who still would hear and still commend
My tedious verses,

How will you live—of these deprived ?
I've learned your candid soul. The venal,
The sordid friend had scarce survived
A test so penal ;

But you—Nay, nay, 'tis so. The rest
Are not as you : you hide your merit ;
You, more than all, deserve the best
True friends inherit ;—

Not gold—that hearts like yours despise ;
Not “ spacious dirt ” (your own expression),
No ; but the rarer, dearer prize—
The life's confession.

You catch my thought? What? Can't you guess ?
You, you alone, admired my Cantos ;—
I've left you, P., my whole MS.,
In three portmanteaus !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

FAUST FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

WE resume the story of Faust at the point at which many readers take their final leave of it: the commencement of the second part of the drama. Our former remarks ended with an extract from that prison scene, which, concluding as it does the first part of Faust, and bringing Margaret's pathetic story to a close, seems to most people the end of the whole play.† After surveying with awe the triumph of Margaret's spirit amid the wreck of mind and body; after seeing her foot planted at last, like her patron saint's, upon the dragon, when the baffled tempter has after all to leave her 'saved as by fire,'—choosing death rather than sin,—they do not care to follow Faust's fortunes farther. The star-like eyes of fair Helen of Troy have but a cold light to them (despite of their immortal beauty) after the tearful brightness of Margaret's. And most men are not prepared to forget Faust's past so readily as he does himself; and to watch his wanderings in court and camp, and his wooing in classic lands of the Spartan queen, with the interest they accorded to his earlier life. We have spoken already of the solution of continuity between the First and Second Faust, and owned how far we are from having arrived, in our own personal experience, at the time so confidently anticipated by Goethe himself and by one of his enthusiastic translators,‡ "when both parts will be felt to be in entire harmony with each other." But, then, still less do we join Mr. Lewes in calling the Second Faust "an elaborate mistake," or class it with those unsuccessful attempts to finish stories "left half-told" by accident or design, which only disappoint us by causing pale spectres of the brave or beautiful to flit around the scenes of their former triumphs. While freely owning that, in the later Faust, the philosophic observer sometimes predominates too much over the poet, the abstract over the concrete, the universal over the individual, we are not insensible to its peculiar sources of interest, some of which we have already endeavoured to indicate. And we propose now to offer readers, like-minded with us, a brief account of its structure and story, in explanation of our succeeding extracts, entreating them to take on trust "the exquisite finish of the execution, and subtle music of the

* Faust, translated in the original Metres, by Bayard Taylor.—2. Faust, from the German, by John Anster.—3. Faust, by Theodore Martin.—4. Faust, translated into English Prose, by A Hayward. Third edition.—5. Faustus. The Second Part. By John Anster. 1864.—6. Poems, Original and Translated. By Theodore Martin. 1863. (Printed for private circulation, containing nearly three Acts of the Second Faust).

† See *St. Pauls Magazine* for December, 1872.

‡ Dr. Anster.

rhythm" of the original : charms which its best translators deplore their inability at all adequately to reproduce.

In the opening of the Second Faust, the hero lies on a flowery meadow tended by noble-natured elves, whose leader, Ariel, makes them sing away his remorse and sorrow through the four watches of the night. Their mystic chant is closed by day-break, heralded thus by their chief:—

ARIEL.

Hark, the ringing hours of morn !
 Pealing unto spirit ears,
 Lo, another day is born,
 Lo, another dawn appears !
 Adamantine gates are crashing,
 Phœbus' car-wheels rattling, clashing.
 What clangour harbingers the sun !
 Trump and clarion pealing clear,
 Dazzling eye and stunning ear ;
 Hence ! our elfin reign is done ;
 Slip into your flowery cells,
 Couched in still, untrodden dells,
 To the clefts and thickets come !
 Day will all your powers benumb.—(Martin.)

Faust arises, reconciled to life for the second time, and salutes the morn in very beautiful Terza Rima, employed this once only in the drama to give solemnity to the outset of his new career, which is foreshadowed in such lines as these :—

Aloft the giant peaks, far-gleaming bright,
 Proclaim the hour at hand, that fires the skies ;
 They feel the first flush of the eternal light,
 That finds its way betimes to us below.
 Now o'er the green slopes of yon Alpine height,
 The advancing splendour spreads a livelier glow,
 And step by step it gains the lower ground.
 Lo, the broad sun ! And blinded with the flow,
 That stings the shrinking sight, I turn me round.

So then behind me let the sunbeams blaze !
 The waterfall, that down yon fissure roars,
 I view with deepening rapture and amaze.
 Now in a myriad broken rills it pours,
 Bounding from ledge to ledge and shattering there,
 In foam and watery mist aloft it soars.
 Yet o'er this turmoil smiles the rainbow fair,
 In arch still shifting, still abiding, wound,
 Now pencilled clear, now melting into air,
 A dewy cool diffusing far around.
 A mirror this of mortal coil and strife !
 And there, if well thou ponderest, will be found,
 In glowing hues reveal'd, a type of life.—(Martin.)*

* We give his version here, and in several succeeding passages, because it is less generally accessible than Mr. Taylor's ; being only known as yet by its extensive circulation in private.

In the next scene, Mephistopheles is contriving his master's introduction to "higher regions and more dignified surroundings" than those of the former play, for Faust has insisted on claiming his part in the gayest tints of the rainbow which plays on the cataract of life. The Emperor sits hearing complaints of a disordered realm and insolvent exchequer from chancellor, treasurer, and general. Mephistopheles offers himself as court-fool, and, having gained a hearing in that character, hints at hidden treasures which may supply the needs of the hour. The Archbishop-Chancellor, shocked at some expressions he makes use of, cries,—

*Nature and Spirit ! Words that in my mind,
No Christian man should utter.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There spoke the veriest bigot of book-learning.
What you discern not, sir, there's no discerning :
All that you touch not stands at hopeless distance.
All that you grasp not, can have no existence ;
All that eludes your weights, is base and light ;
That which you count not, is not counted right ;
All measurement is false, but where you mete
All coin without your stamp is counterfeit.—(Anster.)

Mephistopheles succeeds better with the Emperor's secular advisers. He promises great wealth, which is to stream from unexplained sources as soon as the Carnival is over : and keeps his promise after the manner of his kind. Amidst numerous allegoric shapes and many a masked drollery, Faust and Mephistopheles appear in the characters of Wealth and Avarice : their rich car guided by a youth who symbolizes Poetry. They make an offer of riches to the Emperor on the easy condition of his signing a single paper. As he does so, magic fires burst forth, and the gay masque seems about to end in a frightful catastrophe, as such pageants have done before. But the enchantment which kindled, extinguishes the flames, and the court is left rejoicing in the possession of apparently boundless wealth (in assignats). And now an accident makes Faust resume that pursuit of Helen, or rather of Beauty (seen long ago in the witch's mirror), which his first love had suspended. He has promised to satisfy the Emperor's curiosity about Paris and Helen, by calling up their very forms and placing them before him. Holding a magic key supplied by Mephistopheles, he penetrates the shadowy realm where all types, forms, and unrealised possibilities abide : returning thence he fills the hall, where the court have assembled, with a cloud of incense, and the two phantoms issue from it such as they were in life. But Helen's beauty overpowers the conjuror himself. While others calmly criticize, he adores it, exclaiming, not like Marlowe's Faustus when he looks at Helen,

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss ;

but full rather of the present than of the past,

Have I still eyes ? I see in tranced thought
Fair Beauty's fountain welling like a sea.
My voyage dread a glorious gain hath brought ;
How blank, how dreary was the world to me !
And since my priesthood what hath it become ?
Fleeting no more, nor void and wearisome !—(Martin.)

And when Paris prepares to carry off Helen, Faust interposes somewhat like Don Quixote at the puppet-show. He rushes forward to snatch the phantom from his arms. Both figures vanish, and Faust falls senseless to the ground.

The second act opens in Faust's old room : unchanged since he left it in Mephistopheles's company seven years before. Thither that serviceable spirit has borne him once again, and beguiles his own leisure (Faust lying the while in a deep trance on his bed) by putting on the doctor's moth-eaten robes.

The diffident young student of the First Part, whom Mephistopheles bewildered by his strange introductory address, now the self-confident bachelor-of-arts, sees the long-deserted apartment open and steps in to have a conference with its occupant. The dialogue between them is a very amusing one. The young man talks Fichte's philosophy in caricature :—

BACCALAUREUS.

Experience ! foam and bubble ; and its name
Not to be mentioned with the spirit's claim,
Confess it ! nothing was till this day done
Worth doing in Science—Science was there none.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I have thought so long—I had always a thick skull ;
I now confess to 'silly—shallow—dull.'

BACCALAUREUS.

That so delights me ! some hope of you yet !
The first old man with brains I ever met.

Old age is a cold fever's feeble flame,
Life's peevish winter of obstruction chilling,
Man is at thirty dead, or all the same—
'Twere better kill you while you are worth killing.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To this the devil himself can nothing add.

BACCALAUREUS.

Devil ? Devil there can be none without my willing.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The devil's close by to trip you up, my lad.

BACCALAUREUS.

This is the noble mission of the young—
Earth into being at my bidding sprung ;
The sun in pomp I led up from the sea,
The moon in all her changes followed me.
For me in beauty walked the glorious day,
The green earth blossomed to adorn my way.
'Twas at my beck upon that primal night
The proud stars shed through heaven their spreading light.
Rescued is Man, and by what hand but mine,
From galling bondage of the Philistine ?
I—for the spirit speaks within me—freed,
Follow the inward light where it may lead,
Fearless and fast, with rapture-beaming mind,
The Clear before me, and the Dark behind. (*Erit.*)

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Original ! move onward in your pride.
Oh ! how the spirit would sink mortified,
Could you but know that long ago
All thoughts, whatever, dull or clever,
That cross the twilight of your brain,
Have been o'er and o'er again
Occupying other men.—(*Anster.*)

Mephistopheles next visits Wagner, a philosopher of a very different kind, the utterer of that most delightful expression of self-complacent stupidity: "Zwar weisz ich viel, doch möcht' ich alles wissen." Since Faust's disappearance, Professor Wagner has acquired a great reputation, and, when Mephistopheles enters his laboratory, he finds him engaged in a difficult experiment of alchemy, which Wagner thus expounds:—

Look yonder ! see the flashes from the hearth !
Hope for the world dawns there, that, having laid
The stuff together of which man is made,
The hundred-fold ingredients mixing, blending,
(For upon mixture is the whole depending.)
If then in a retort we slowly mull it,
Next to a philosophic temper dull it,
Distil and re-distil, at leisure thin it,
All will come right, in silence, to a minute.—(*Anster.*)

Presently, to Wagner's intense delight, a "spruce mannikin" makes his appearance in the phial: though we receive no assurance that he is the genuine result of the chemical process. Nor is poor Wagner

allowed to enjoy his success for any long time. Homunculus, who is a very *uncanny* little fellow, strikes up a sudden friendship with Mephistopheles, whom he acknowledges as his cousin. Mephistopheles snubs Wagner's endeavours to get an answer to his philosophic doubts from the "little stranger," whose assistance he hastily bespeaks instead for Faust. Homunculus (in his phial) floats over Faust's sleeping form, his clairvoyance instantly detects his visions of Helen; and he announces that it will be death to Faustus if he is suffered to awake where he is without any prospect of seeing her again. The only remedy is flight to more cheerful climes. This is the season of the *classical* Walpurgisnight. And he bids Mephistopheles to spread out his mantle, lay Faust upon it, and fly through the air with him to Thessaly to share its diversions. He says a hasty farewell to Wagner, who tenderly replies:—

WAGNER.

Farewell! The cold word chills my heart:
Never to meet again, I feel we part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Away we go! swift to Peneios tend!
There's something in my bright young cousin's aid.

[To the spectators confidentially.]

In the end, we all depend
On the creatures we have made!—(Anster.)

The remainder of the second act is occupied by a sort of classical counterpart to the Walpurgisnight of the first part of Faust. A strange medley of all the odd creatures we read of in ancient authors, gryphon and arimaspiæ, crane and pygmy, sphinx and siren, floods the Thessalian plain yearly on the anniversary of the battle of Pharsalia. Mephistopheles, with Faust (lighted by Homunculus in his phial), drops down into their midst. There can be no doubt that by the Persian gryphon and the Egyptian sphinx, Goethe meant to indicate the sources of Greek civilization; by the battle-field and his introduction of Lucan's Erichtho, the way in which it affected Rome, and, through Rome, finally us in the remoter West. For further mystical meanings, we refer our readers to Mr. Taylor's first-rate notes, and to Dr. Anster's able preface, and content ourselves with briefly tracing the course of our three travellers. *Homunculus* listens to a geological discussion between Thales and Anaxagoras, who dispute concerning the origin of a new mountain freshly heaved up by *Seismos* (Earthquake). Anaxagoras offers our little friend the crown of the new kingdom, hastily peopled by *Emmets*, *Pygmies*, and *Finger-lings*; but he wisely declines it, warned by Thales of the coming invasion of the *Cranes*. Finally, *Homunculus* is guided by Thales to Proteus; and having seen the festive gathering of Tritons, Nereids, and Dorids, on the Egean, vanishes (to pass into some new phase of

existence), leaving a trail of light behind him on the sea. Dr. Anster's version of the Hymn to Luna of the Telchines of Rhodes (priests of the sun-god there) is so good that we must extract it. It is sung shortly before Homunculus disappears with Proteus :—

Queen of the bow, whose delight in the skies
Are the songs from the earth to thy brother that rise :
To Rhodes, the glad island, an ear dost thou lend,
Where pæans for ever like incense ascend.
How brightly at morning smiles on us the sun—
How brightly at eve, when his day-course is run.
Mountains and cities—shore, waters—all here
In his eyes are well-pleasing—are cloudless and clear.
If a wreath of thin vapour the blue heaven obscure,
A beam and a breeze and the island is pure.
Here a hundred bright forms of himself meet his sight—
Now Giant, now Stripling—all Mildness, all Might.
Here, in this glorious land, Sculpture began—
Gods and the god-like to image in Man.

Meantime Mephistopheles has not been idle. The griffins indeed receive him very rudely, and he has passages of arms with various mythological monsters, the best of which is his answer to the Sphinx, who inquires his name :—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Name ? Men are fond of giving names to me,
And thus it is I've many a name. Let's see—
Are any Britons here ? No doubt there are,
And they will vouch for me. They travel far
To visit fields of battle, waterfalls,
Your dreary classic ruins, broken walls,
This were the very place for such as they ;
They will bear witness how in the old play
They saw me there as Old Iniquity.

SPHINX.

Why so called ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a mystery to me.*

After a while, he scrambles up to the gloomy cave of the Phorkyads (the three aged sisters of the Gorgons), and flatters them into lending him the semblance of one of the triad, who, for the occasion, compress their triple being into two. Having thus gained a classic shape, he is ready for the part he has to play in the third act. We subjoin Dr. Anster's amusing version of one of his speeches to them, marking his interpolations in italics :—

* For the anachronism these witty lines contain, Goethe himself is responsible. The pun on "mystery" in the last, is of course Dr. Anster's own ; but would have received Goethe's cordial approval.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

* * * * *
 The Parcae of the good old family
 Of Chaos's : *I know them well—the three—*
 They're sisters of yours. I have met them all,
 A few days since, *in costume, at a ball :*
 But never, never have I seen before,
Among the things men honour and adore,
 Anything any way resembling you.
Words have I none to say how your charms move
My admiration. What shall I then do ?
 In silence think of you—in silence love.

PHORCYADS.

There's much good sense in what this spirit says.

Before this Faust has had an interview with Chiron, heard him discourse about Helen, and been directed by him to Manto, under whose guidance he descends to win back Helen's shade awhile to upper air (as Orpheus did Eurydice's), from Proserpine.* The third, and decidedly the most beautiful of the first four acts of this drama, was written some years before the rest, and published separately under the name of Helena. The Classical Walpurgisnight is its designed introduction. Its literal purport is the same as that of the scene in Marlowe's Faustus which suggested it : to represent Faust as using his supernatural powers to gain for him the most peerless beauty the world has ever seen. Its symbolical intention is, as we have said before, to celebrate the union of the ancient and modern world, of classic and romantic poetry, and its results. To appreciate fully the statuesque grandeur of its opening scenes, the mind must have distinctly before it the tragedy of the Greeks in all its severe beauty, to the rules of which Goethe here scrupulously conforms. The first scene is, to all appearance, a continuation of the Troads of Euripides, at the close of which play Menelaüs departs with his unfaithful wife, declaring his purpose to put her to death so soon as they arrive at Sparta. She here enters the scene uncertain of her fate, oppressed by gloomy forebodings, which the Chorus (her attendant Trojan captives) vainly strive to dissipate. In their dialogue, Goethe has employed the Alexandrine Iambic of the Greek drama : one foot longer than the ordinary blank verse of English or German poetry.

We give Martin's version for the reason mentioned before. Readers of Mr. Taylor's second volume may like to compare it with our extracts.†

* The scene between Faust and the "awful queen," was long-projected, but never written, by Goethe.

† Dr. Anster's disregard of the classic metres, which are so essential to the designed illusion of the Helena, makes his version of the third act almost valueless up to the birth of Euphorion.

HELENA (*in front of the palace of Menelaus at Sparta*).

I, Helena, of men much famed, and much reviled,
From yonder shore, where we but now have landed, come.

But oh, how welcome thou to me, thou mansion fair,

Ye portal's brazen wings, lo, here I bid ye hail !
Through ye, wide open flung with hospitable sweep,
Did Menelaus first, of many chosen the chief,
Upon my vision beam in bridegroom guise of yore.
Expand to me again, that, as doth spouse beseech,
My lord's high urgent 'hest I rightly may fulfil !

Yet what his purpose is, defies me to divine.
Come I as consort back ? Or come I as a queen ?
Or as a victim for the princes' direful woes,
And for the years of loss and shame the Greeks endured ?

For even within the hollow ship my husband scarce
Would look on me, nor word of comfort did he speak.
Aloof he sat as though he mused some fell intent ;
But when Eurotas' deep-embosom'd bay we gain'd,
Scarce of our vessels' prow the foremost kiss'd the land,
When, starting up, he spake, as by the god inspired :
" My warriors troop by troop shall from the ships descend,
And I will marshal them in order on the beach ;
But thou, go on at once, still keeping by the banks,
With fruitage rich, that ward Eurotas' sacred stream,
The steeds directing o'er the oozy dappled meads,
Until thou shalt arrive on the delightful plain,
Where Lacedæmon, once a broad and fertile field,
Amid the solemn hills low nestling lifts its roofs.
Go in, then, to the lofty tower-crown'd royal house,

As many tripods take as thou shalt needful deem,
And vessels of all kinds, which at his hand are laid,
Who offers to the gods high sacrifices due ;—

And lastly let not fail a knife of keenest edge."

CHORUS.

The fate of the future thou canst not divine.
Enter, queen, enter,
Be of good cheer !
Good and ill cometh
To man without warning :
E'en when foretold us we credit it not.

Praise ye the holy,
Happy-restoring
And home-bringing gods !
O'er trial and anguish,
As upon pinions,

Floats the enfranchised one, whilst all in vain
 The captive, outspreading
 His arms o'er the towers of
 His dungeon, is pining
 Dejected away.

But a god caught her up
 In her sorrow afar ;
 And from Ilion's ruins
 Transported her back
 To the old, to the newly-deck'd
 Home of her sires,
 After unspeakable
 Pleasures and pains on
 The days of her childhood
 To ponder anew.

So far we seem to be reading some new-discovered play of Euripides. The next scene is suggested by the opening of the Eumenides. As the priestess starts at the sight of the sleeping Furies in Eschylus, so is Helen dismayed at a hideous form which she finds brooding with evil omen beside her long-deserted hearth, Phorkyas (the disguised Mephistopheles). The loathsome apparition follows her retreat, and stands at her palace-door, a thing of terror to her maidens.

CHORUS.

Much have I seen and known, though my tresses
 Youthfully wanton my temples around ;
 Horrors I've witnessed full many, the woful
 Wailings of warfare, the night-gloom of Troy,
 When it fell !

Over the cloud-cover'd, dust-thicken'd din of
 Death-grappling foes, the Immortals, I heard them
 Shouting, dread clamour ! heard I the brazen
 Voices of Discord resound through the field
 To the walls.—(Martin.)

They yet were standing, the proud walls were standing
 Of Ilion ; but red flames already were running
 Hither and thither, from roof-tree to roof-tree,
 Ever extending ; and ever the sound of
 The restless flames rolling seemed as of tempest,
 In the gloom of black night, breaking over the city.

And as I fled, I saw through mist and fire,
 And light of flames that started up in tongues,
 The approach of gods. All in their wrath they moved—
 Shapes wondrous—onward striding—giant forms
 Seen through the deepening gloom of fire-illuminated vapour.

Saw I them ? Or did the anguish of my spirit
 Shape the wild phantomry ? This never can I say ;

But that I now with my body's eyes behold
The frightful shape before me I know well.—(Anster.)

Phorkyas retaliates the insults of the chorus with interest, glancing not obscurely at their mistress herself :—

And thou, thou ravish'd, huckster'd, finger'd piece of goods.

The scolding-match which follows is mercifully less protracted than some of those in Euripides ; but as violent, while it lasts, as any of them. The hints of Phorkyas that the whole party belong of right to Hades, alarm Helen : still more is she perplexed by the self-contradictory images of her past, which her tormentor raises from the varying Hellenic legends.

PHORKYAS.

Yet is it said, that thou a two-fold form didst wear,
In Ilion seen, and seen in Egypt too the while.*

HELENA.

My weak and wandering mind confound not utterly.
Even now I wot not who or what I truly am.

PHORKYAS.

And furthermore they say that from the phantom-world
Achilles rose heart-fired, and link'd himself with thee.
Thee loving from of yore despite all fate's resolves.

HELENA.

A phantom I to him a phantom was allied.
It was a dream, thus much your words themselves proclaim.
I faint, and seem to grow a phantom to myself.

[Sinks into the arms of the Semi-Chorus.

PHORKYAS (*on her recovering herself*).

Forth from clouds of fleeting vapour come, thou day's resplendent sun,
Veil'd thy glories woke our rapture, now with dazzling radiance shine.
Beauteous is thy presence, beauteous grows the world beneath thy smile.

HELENA.

Heart-sick from the void I totter, which possess'd my swimming brain,
Oh, how gladly would I rest me, for my limbs are weary—sore !
Yet beseems it queens, yea, truly, it beseems all mortals well,
With a bold and tranquil spirit to abide all threaten'd ill.

PHORKYAS.

Standing in thy might before us, standing in thy beauty there,
Tells thine eye, command befits thee. What dost thou command me ? Speak.

* The Helena of Euripides.

HELENA.

To retrieve the moments wasted in your wrangling straight prepare !
Haste ! arrange a sacrifice, as the King commanded me.

PHORKYAS.

All within the house is ready, patera, tripod, hatchet keen,
For besprinkling, for befuming ; say, what shall the victim be ?

HELENA.

That the King disclosed not.

PHORKYAS.

Spake he not of that ? Oh word of woe !

HELENA.

Why this grief that overcomes thee ?

PHORKYAS.

Queen, thou art the victim meant.

CHORUS.

Oh ! and we ! What will befall us ?

PHORKYAS.

She shall die a noble death ;
But upon the lofty rafter that supports the roof within,
Like so many strung-up thrushes,* ye shall flutter in a row.

Poor spectres ! There ye stand like images of stone,
Afeard to quit the day, the day which is not yours.
Mankind, that are no more than spectres, even as you,
Bid to the sun, like you, reluctantly farewell ;
Yet prayer nor mortal might can turn the law of fate ;
All know the end must come ; yet few can welcome it.

At her summons masked dwarfs appear and commence all the
ghastly preparations :—

Upon the dust extend the tissued carpet fine,
That so the victim there right royally may kneel,
And coil'd within its folds, head shorn from trunk, no doubt,
Yet with beseeching grace, may to the tomb be borne.—(Martin.)

The leader of the chorus implores Phorkyas to point out some way of escape. She slowly suffers a tale to be drawn from her of a gallant band of northern warriors, who have built themselves a fortress in Sparta during its sovereigns' long absence. She describes its strong walls, its spacious halls and courts, decorated by armorial bearings, such as the "Seven against Thebes" bore upon their shields ; she depicts their chieftain's noble bearing, and assures the affrighted women of his power and will to protect them. Helen stands irresolute :

* *Odyssey*, Book xxii.

the trumpets are heard heralding the approach of Menelaus ; she decides on flight, and bids Phorkyas lead her to the castle. Instantly a thick mist hides the palace. When it clears, Helen finds herself standing with her train in the inner court of a stately Gothic fortress. Faust appears, a mediæval knight with his squires and pages, to welcome the queen and place her on a splendid throne. From this point the verse changes to the forms of modern poetry, which Helen quickly learns. Her ear is caught by the rhyme in the warder's address, as he lays the castle's treasures at her feet. She says to Faust of the sound which is so new to her :—

One tone fits another :
If a word strikes the ear, another comes
To fondle and to make love to the first.

She has just bestowed her hand on Faust, when Phorkyas rushes in with tidings of danger, but the army which comes in pursuit of Helen is defeated by her brave defenders, and the grace and beauty of the south remains the prize of the valour of the north. It is thus that Faust describes the joys of Arcadia, which he is to share with Helen :—

Primeval woods ! The oak in strength excelling
In jags and knots its gnarled boughs distorts ;
The gentle maple, with sweet juices swelling,
Sweeps far aloft and with its burden sports.
And milk in still and shady pastures floweth
For child or lamb, maternal drink to them,
And fruit hard by, the plains' ripe bounty, groweth,
And honey trickles from the hollow'd stem.
Here cloudless bliss, from sire to son descending,
Makes cheek and lip alike serene and clear,
Each owneth in his sphere a life unending,
And health and sweet content dwell ever here.—(Martin.)

The union of Faust to Helen has a three-fold aspect suited to her triple character. As the undying beauty, gifted with a glorious immortality in the Orestes of Euripides, she is the precious, though transitory, reward of Faust's unlawful compact. As the symbol of that high Ideal of unapproachable fairness, which haunts every true poet's dreams, we must be prepared to see her vanish from Faust's eager embrace, because in the mind's conception of the Beautiful there is always something which eludes the grasp of him who strives to fix it in visible and tangible form. Lastly, as the representative of classic poetry, she weds in Faust the personification of Teutonic romance, and the result of their union is the modern poet, typified in the boy, Euphorion, whose short but brilliant career is depicted lyrically, with traits meant to recall the premature death of our own Byron. His birth and infancy are like those of Hermes in the

Homeric hymn. He storms through the world singing, and rushes to his doom likewise in song.

EUPHORION.

Thunder on the sea ! and Thunder,
How it rolls from vale to vale !
Host 'gainst host in dust and billows,
Throng on throng, and pang and bale !
Destiny
Here bids die,
And the mandate we know well.

He perishes, leaving his mournful parents to exclaim :—

Pain and joy, each follows other,
Anguish comes, and plaintive moan.

EUPHORION (*from the depth*).

In the realm of shadow, mother,
Let me not abide alone !

CHORUS (*dirge*).

Not alone ! Where'er thy dwelling,
If indeed on earth we knew thee,
Tho' thy home be far from daylight,
All hearts still with love pursue thee !
Lost—yet how can we lament thee !
Gone—we weep and envy thee !
Bright thy day : but bright or clouded
Song and heart were proud and free.

Born to all that makes earth happy !
Lofty lineage, sense of power !
Lost, alas ! too soon. Youth's promise
Torn by tempest, leaf and flower !
Eye not to be baffled. Human
Indignation at all wrong.
Best of women loved thee. Magic
All its own was in thy song.

How the whirl of passion bore thee
Self-devoted to the snare !
With what rage all laws and usage
Didst thou rend, proud captive there !
Yet, at last, in generous feeling,
True stay thy pure spirit gained ;
All that noblest is and brightest
Sought by thee—but unattained.

Unattained—oh ! who attains it ?
Ask—will Destiny reply
This day when a bleeding people,
Dumb with sorrow, sees him die ?

—Yet fresh bursts of song awaken !
 Droop in helpless grief no more,
 For the Earth again will blossom,
 And bear fruit as heretofore !

[Perfect pause, the music ceases.]

HELENA (*to Faustus*).

An old saying, alas ! proves itself true in me—
 Beauty and Happiness remain not long united ;
 The ties of life and love both are asunder torn,
 Sadly, for love of both, I say to each farewell,
 And once again, yet once again, into thine arms I throw me !
 Persephoneia, take, oh ! take the boy and me.*

She vanishes, leaving her veil in Faust's hands. The chief of her maidens follows her down to Hades. Faust is borne away on the clouds into which his lost wife's robes turn ; and Mephistopheles casts off his antique disguise, and satirically promises Euphorion's mantle to poetical aspirants, as an adequate substitute in the eyes of the many for the vanished fire of the genius which it once enfolded.

In the beginning of the fourth act, Faust is alone on high mountains, sadly watching the beautiful clouds, which bore him thither, as they vanish. He is soon rejoined by Mephistopheles, with whom he engages in geological speculations, which are a little tedious, though the value of the opinion of an eye-witness like the latter to our globe's earliest convulsions cannot be denied. There is something of the old Mephistopheles of the first part, in the sarcastic bitterness with which he receives the new projects, which Faust proceeds to disclose : but he aids them. The good-natured emperor of the first act is now hard pressed by a rival claimant of the throne. Faust and Mephistopheles once more offer him their services. By their help he wins a decisive battle. Faust's reward is permission to undertake the great work on which he has now set his heart, of reclaiming land from the sea, and an imperial grant of all the lands he may so regain, whilst the emperor promises his aggrieved Archbishop-Chancellor to atone for his sinful league with sorcerers by building a splendid church :—

“Already I in spirit see the stately walls aspire,
 Already feel the morning sun's first rays light up the choir,
 The rising structure to a cross enlarges and extends ;
 Believers see with joy the nave that lengthens and ascends ;
 The faithful thro' rich portals stream, borne on with burning zeal,
 And over vale, and over hill, is heard the bell's first peal ;
 From towers, that heavenward point and strive, rings the far-echoed sound,—
 There kneeling down the penitent a better life has found.”

When the fifth act opens, Faust is far advanced in years, and full

* This capital version of Helen's farewell (expressed in the old form of speech which she is about to resume among the shades) shows what Dr. Anster might have made of her former speeches.

of outward prosperity. His enterprise has been crowned with success. He is lord of vast lands, which he has reclaimed from Ocean ; and his ships bring him riches from afar. But the fatal moment of complete satisfaction (that moment which, according to their old compact, is to authorise Mephistopheles to claim him), is adjourned by one trifling hindrance. An old and pious couple occupy a little cottage which stands beside a chapel on a hill, whose foot was once washed by the waves ; now the rich corn of the reclaimed land billows round it instead. Faust has long wished to call the hill his own. That one small plot, which does not belong to him, seems to mar the completeness of his vast possessions. The chapel-bell torments him, by reminding him of a peace in which he has no part. He has offered the aged pair a house and field in exchange, and thus complains of their refusal :—

What we have of weal
We feel not. What we want we feel.
The lindens, and the little bell,
The tinkling, and the heavy smell,
Bring round me mists of church and grave.
The Will that made all bend in fear
Breaks—breaks upon this sand-bank here.
Rings but that little bell, I rave.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here I must own, your anger's just.
There's not a noble ear but must
Hear this ding-dong with deep disgust.
The dismal boom with vapour-clouds
The cheerful sky of evening shrouds ;
From birthday bath to burial time
For ever sounds the dreary chime,
Till it makes Man's life almost seem
'Twixt peal and peal, a ding-dong dream.—(Anster.)

In his vexation, Faust rashly orders the old people's forcible removal to their new abode. The satellites of Mephistopheles exceed their powers. The cottage is burned, and its aged inmates perish. The careless song of the warder on the tower grows mournful at the sight of the flames :—

LYNCEUS.

I gaze on the distant,
I look on the near,
On the moon and the bright stars,
The wood and the deer.
All that I look on
Is lovely to see ;

I am happy, and all things
Seem happy to me.

Other scenes than of delight
Reach the warder on his height.
How ! what clouds of horror breathe
From the world of gloom beneath !
Spark on spark upshoots in spray
Through the linden's double night.
—How the strong glow rends his way,
Swelling, panting with the breeze,
Bristling into fiercer light !

The little lowly chapel roof
Is breaking down : it is not proof
Against the crush and weight of all
The burning boughs that on it fall.
Serpenting, the sharp flames seize
The upper twigs of the old trees ;
Down, the hollow stems are purpled
To the roots in turbid glow.

[Long pause.

What the eye so loved is vanished
With the years of long ago.—(Anster.)

Faust curses his servants' rash zeal, and stands watching the smoke,
disconsolate and alone, on his balcony. The time is midnight.

FAUSTUS.

The fading stars their glance and glow
Hide. The fire sinks and flickers low ;
And, fanning it, a breeze blows cold,
And smoke and mist toward me are rolled.
Rash word ! rash deed ! What can it be
Sweeps hither—spectral, shadowy ?—(Anster.)

MIDNIGHT.—FOUR GRAY WOMEN enter.

FIRST.

My name, it is Want.

SECOND.

And mine, it is Guilt.

THIRD.

And mine, it is Care.

FOURTH.

Necessity, mine.

THREE TOGETHER.

The portal is bolted, we cannot get in,
The owner is rich, we've no business within.

WANT.

I shrink to a shadow.

GUILT.

I shrink into naught.

NECESSITY.

The pamper'd from me turn the face and the thought.

CARE.

Ye Sisters, ye neither can enter, nor dare ;
 But the key-hole is free to the entrance of Care. [*Care disappears.*]

WANT.

Ye, grisly old Sisters, be banished from here !

GUILT.

Beside thee, and bound to thee, I shall appear.

[NECESSITY.

At your heels goes Necessity, blight in her breath.

THE THREE.

The clouds are in motion, and cover each star !
 Behind there, behind ! from afar, from afar,
 He cometh, our Brother ! he comes, he is—Death !—(Taylor.)

Then follows a remarkable dialogue between Faust and Care, in which that entire devotion of the mind to this present world, which Faust's whole course has exemplified, finds its full expression ; one short hour before the full demonstration of its folly at the hand of that great teacher, Death :—

FAUSTUS.

I've but run through the world ; and all, that pleased
 Or promised pleasure, eagerly have seized :
 What fled I thought no more of, nor pursued
 Even with a wish the evanescent good :
 Desired, and had, and new desires then formed,
 And thus through life impetuously stormed,
 In Power and Greatness first 'twas mine to live ;
 And now in Wisdom's walks contemplative,
 Of Earth I know enough. *To aught beside*
Of other worlds all access is denied.
Madness ! to search beyond with prying eyes,
And feign or fancy brethren in the skies.
Let Man look round him Here ! Here plant his foot !
The world is to the Active never mute.
We know but what we grasp. What need have we
Of thoughts that wander through eternity ?—(Anster.)

.

CARE.

Whom I once have made my own
All the life of life finds gone.
Gloom of more than night descending
On his steps is still attending.
Morning never on his path
Rises. Sunset none he hath.
Shape unchanged, and senses whole,
—But with darkness of the soul.

Ever of the future thinking ;
Ever from the present shrinking ;
And the dream goes on for ever,
And the coming time comes never.

Faust boldly bids the spectre defiance, saying that he will never acknowledge the power of Care. She answers:—

Feel it then ! As fast I flee,
With a curse I part from thee ;
Men are blind their whole life long.
Faustus, at life's closing, be
Blind. My curse I breathe on thee.—(Anster.)

Blinded by the breath of Care (a blindness which he mistakes for the deepening darkness of the night), Faust seeks to cast off the anxious thoughts she has left him, by redoubled eagerness in his work. Mid-night though it be, he commands his serfs to be aroused, and sets without delay to give the finishing stroke to his great undertaking. Strange-formed Lemurs obey his summons, with Mephistopheles muttering ominous directions to them as their overseer. Faust listens with joy to the sound of spades actively at work, little dreaming that they are digging his own grave. Anticipating the full satisfaction which his completed work will bring him, he pronounces the fatal words:—

Then might I, to such moment of delight,
Say, "Linger with me, thou that art so bright ;"

the words which, long ago, in his profound despair of happiness, he agreed (if ever spoken) should be the signal for Mephistopheles to seize his soul.* They are scarcely pronounced, when he sinks back in death. The Lemurs step forward to lay the body in the grave they

* If to the passing moment e'er I say,
Oh linger yet ! thou art so fair ;
Then cast me into chains you may,
Then will I die without a care !
Then may the death-bell sound its call,
Then art thou from thy service free,
The clock may stand, the index fall,
And time and tide may cease for me.

have prepared for it with songs which remind us of those of some other famous grave-diggers :—

LEMUR (*solo*).

And who hath built the house so ill
With shovel and with spade ?

LEMURS (*chorus*).

For thee, dull guest, in hempen vest,
It all too well was made.

LEMUR (*solo*).

And who the hall hath decked so ill ?
No chairs, nor table any.

LEMURS (*chorus*).

The lodging-house was let at will,
The claimants are so many.

And now the conflict for the departing soul begins. Mephistopheles calls his infernal allies around him. To the left of the stage the mouth of the pit opens. To the right angels appear on high in glory. Their songs are in the same measure and possess the same untranslatable beauty as the Easter Hymn. Dr. Anster has treated them as successfully as the peculiarities of English will permit. Indeed his most graceful verses are those in which, departing farthest from the metre of the original, he replaces beauties which fate has put beyond his reach by others which circumstances leave attainable. We at least would give scores of lines in the measure of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" (the most exact English equivalent we know for the German of the lines we are about to quote) for the solemn beauty of the angels' song as they scatter the roses which are to put the fiends to flight :—

CHOIR OF ANGELS.

Dazzling roses, dropping balm,
With secret breath restoring
Heaven's life of happy calm !
Fluttering down, up soaring,
Plumy branchlings, winglets green,
Buds unseal'd from timid screen
Wake into sudden blow !

Burst out, celestial Spring,
In green and purple glow,
Your Paradises bring
To him who sleeps below !

But this measure, fine as it is, cannot convey the marvellous effect of Goethe's triple rhymes, which seem to make us hear the heavenly messengers cutting the air with their swift pinions. The roses with which the angels scatter the demons, are the gift of Margaret and her

sister-penitents in glory. The fight lasts some time : at length the angelic band departs in triumph, carrying with it Faust's rescued soul, and singing, first,—

Love still revealing,
Flames become clearer !
All, cursed with error,*
Truth be their healing !
Glad self-retrieval
Free them from evil,
In the all-folding Breast,
Blessed, to rest !—(Taylor.)

And then,

Holy heart-glowings !
Heavenly birth !
Love's overflowings !
Heaven on earth !
Whom ye float around
Even on earth hath found,
Living with the good,
Full Beatitude.
Arise singing triumph,
Rise all from beneath,
The air is made pure
For the spirit to breathe.—(Anster.)

The last scene is laid in the holy wilderness of Montserrat. To the eyes "purged from earthly film" of its pious hermits, the invisible world stands revealed, and they interpret it to us. The Pater Ecstasticus ascends, the Pater Profundus fathoms, great spiritual heights and depths ; while the Pater Seraphicus gives a tender greeting to a band which approaches, composed of souls of infants :—

Children, early lost to parents,
By the angels early won !
That a loving one is near you
If ye feel,—oh ! come to me,
Ye whose feet have never trodden
Earth's rough pathway,—happy ye !—(Anster.)

Presently the angels draw near bearing Faust's spirit, a burden to them by reason of the imperfections which cling to it :—

Upward we bear it,
A heavy load, sure !
Asbestos even were it,
Yet were it not pure,
The elements, together brought
By a strong spirit's might,
The dross into the pure ore wrought,

* "Who curse their error," would be a better rendering of "Die sich verdammen ;" but both this rhyme and that of the next line but one require revision.

No power of man or angel can
 Dissolve or disunite.
 The alien natures, bound by one
 Indissoluble heart,
 Love only, Love, Eternal Love,
 Can rend and keep apart.—(Anster.)

They place their charge, to receive the first lessons of his new life, among the infant souls. But new teachers are approaching. The Madonna is descried floating on high in glory by the hermit of the highest cell, and around her the choir of penitent female spirits.

Light clouds are circling
 Around her splendour,—
 Penitent women
 Of natures tender,
 Her knees embracing,
 Ether respiring,
 Mercy requiring !
 Thou, in immaculate ray,
 Mercy not leavest,
 And the lightly led astray,
 Who trust thee, receivest !—

(Taylor.)

What light cloudlets round that splendour
 Floating wind ! Oh, these are they
 Who, for that the heart was tender,
 Fondly loved and fell away ;
 Round her knees they drink the ether.
 Round her knees for mercy pray.
 Thy calm heart no breath hath shaken
 Of earth's passions ; yet to thee

They who loved and were forsaken,
 Come confidingly.—(Anster.*)

The three most renowned (two in Scripture, the third in legend), of this repentant band stand forth to plead for Margaret, in order that she, herself accepted, may proffer her thanksgiving, and make her last request, for Faust.

MAGNA PECCATRIX (St. Lucæ VII. 36).

By the love that, disregarding
 Scornful pharisaic sneers,
 While thy Son was beaming godhead,
 Bathed His feet with balm and tears ;
 By the odour-dropping unguent,
 Lavishing its treasured sweet ;
 By the tresses that so softly
 Wiped all dry His holy feet.

MULIER SAMARITANA (St. Joh. IV).

By the well that in the desert
 Water'd Abram's herds of yore ;
 By the cup that to our Saviour's
 Parching lips its cool draught bore ;
 By the joy-diffusing fountain
 That still gushes pure and bright,
 While the stream of life eternal
 Through all worlds flows round in light.

* We here print Mr. Taylor and Dr. Anster side by side, as examples of the uncompensated, and of the compensated, style of translation. We give neither our unreserved approval : yet, surely that version does most for us which preserves the beauty of the original, even with the sacrifice of its form.

MARIA ÆGYPTIACA (*Acta Sanctorum*).

By the holy place of burial,
Where the Lord's dead body lay ;
By the arm that from the temple
Warned and waved me thrice away ;
By my forty years of penance
In the solitary land ;
By the blessed words of farewell
That I wrote upon the sand.

THE THREE.

Thou unto the chief of sinners
Access who desirest never,
To earth's moment of repentance
Giving heavenly fruit for ever,*
To this good soul show like mercy,
The offence in anger view not
Of one moment of forgetting,
Wilful thought of sin that knew not.—(Anster.)

UNA PENITENTUM (*formerly named Margaret, stealing closer.*)

Incline, O Maiden,	Thou All-Transcending,
With mercy laden,	Thou Radiance-Lending,
In light unfading,	In mercy bending,
Thy gracious countenance upon my	Look on my bliss as once upon my pain.
bliss !	The loved in sadness,
My loved, my lover,	Restored to gladness,
His trials over,	Comes back again.†

In yonder world, returns to me in this.—
(Taylor.)

The infant souls draw near with the entrusted spirit, and Margaret, gazing enraptured on the progress he has already made, says :—

The spirit-choir around him seeing,
New to himself he scarce divines
His heritage of new-born Being,
E'er like the Holy Host he shines.
Behold how he each band hath cloven,
That earthly life hath round him thrown,
And through his garb, of ether woven,
The early force of youth is shown !
Vouchsafe to me that I instruct him !
Still dazzles him the day's new glare.

MATER GLORIOSA.

Rise, thou, to higher spheres ! Conduct him,
Who, feeling thee, shall follow there.—(Taylor.)

* The italics mark corrections of our own.

† The version we here print beside Mr. Taylor's, is, in one or two points, more correct than his very admirable one. We should advise "Glory" in place of "Mercy" in his second line ; but even this is inadequate to give the full force of "Strahlenreiche."

This outline of the Second Faust may suffice to prove the justice of our observations at the outset. The main difference between it and the First Part is that which separates allegory proper from histories, interesting in their first sense, though with a second, veiled, allegorical intention: in short, the difference of which we are sensible between the less beautiful and the finer portions of Spenser's "*Faery Queen*." In the "*House of Temperance*" the allegoric meaning is everything; but Una and her knight charm us even when we forget what it is that they represent. So here, Faust's first love touches the heart of learned and unlearned alike; his second dwells on heights inaccessible to the many; and the few, privileged through culture to ascend them, derive illumination, not warmth, from the lights which they see there playing changefully on Helen as the symbol now of beauty, now of the classic drama, and again of the power of ancient legend. As we have said already, the Fifth Act is an exception. In it the human interest of the play revives. The pastoral at its commencement, Faust's last crime, in which he, as usual, is rather passive than active; his dim grey midnight visitants, and the catastrophe which they usher in, rouse us from the quiescence into which we sank while the pageant of the past moved before us, and restore to us the sense of the present. But then that catastrophe itself revolts our instincts of justice. The antinomianism of the Pantheist is as unsatisfactory as that of the Romanist. Pious but ignorant hermits might dream they saw that miserable soul which chose its portion in this life so deliberately, and sold itself without repentance to the Evil One, delivered by the prayers of others, and soaring upwards (as Dante with Beatrice), under Margaret's guidance, to the realms of light. But can we believe their report? Can we, who have watched the sowing, think such a reaping possible, or suppose Faust better fitted for bliss by the "*strivings*" on which the poet relies for his salvation—severed as they were from all pursuit of moral good—than Calderon's robber by his acts of formal devotion to the cross? Beautiful as is the last scene in itself, with its angelic choirs, its kneeling saints, its Virgin in glory, recalling the highest triumphs of sacred and legendary art, yet how unreal it is when placed beside the gloomy picture of Faust's latest hours on earth! He exemplifies in them to the full the well-known lines in the "*Christian Year*":—

"Too surely, every setting day,
Some lost delight we mourn,
The flowers all die along our way,
Till we, too, die forlorn."

He has passed, with unsatisfied heart, amid politics, military glory, science, and art, seeking rest everywhere but where rest alone is to be found; and the final moment surprises him as he is bending his gaze on earth, with only the more fixed resolution the less Time has

left there to attract his eye. (Type of our own century in its darkest aspect : the decrepitude of a long life which, having tried many things and found them wanting,—uninstructed by disappointment,—concentrates all its attention on material improvements, trusts still to find in them its lost paradise, and turns away in anger from the witnesses to a better hope!) And is this most tragic spectacle to be deprived, by the fair but untruthful emblazonment of a mediæval missal, of its painful but salutary terrors? It may be said, indeed, that the lesson which every thoughtful mind carries away, as we believe, from the perusal of *Faust*, is proved by the several indications to which we have referred to be no part of its author's intention. But this very fact makes it the more impressive. Life has been arranged by the great dramatist so as to teach, without any need for the poet to be untrue to his art by composing plays with a didactic purpose. He has only to see and to describe things as they are to be instructive even against his will. Rougher-hewn materials than *Faust* have been shaped before now to ends the workman little dreamed of. Heathen historians and poets have borne their unconscious witness to the truth. If the great mind whose conceptions we have been surveying turned wilfully from that light which an *Æschylus* or a *Tacitus* might have welcomed, its testimony is only on that account the more unimpeachable; and the world's condemnation falls on the ear with double force when pronounced by the lips of "one also of its own poets."

But whatsoever the disappointment caused by much in the *Second Faust*, it is a disappointment concerned with the use in it of the powers which it unveils to us, not with those powers themselves. They are mighty still, as when they upheaved the fragmentary but Cyclopean blocks of the *First*; only they obey another impulse—they are engaged on a different design. We wish, as we read, that we could do for the poet what he asks in his prelude:—

Give me, too, back the days,
When to my wondering eyes the world,
As in a veil of mist was set,
And every bud gave promise yet
Of marvels in its leaves upcurl'd ;

Give each bold impulse back to me,
The deep wild joy, that thrill'd like pain,
The might of hate, love's ecstasy,
Give me my youth again !

But we so wish, not because age has made him weaker, but less sympathetic. It is "the pale cast of thought" which has in him "sicklied o'er the native hue of resolution," and beneath which an enterprise greater in "pith and moment" than may be again undertaken for centuries has lost some of its "intent and purpose;" but the thought is vigorous still. Only would that when he renounced the sentimen-

talism of his Werther, Goethe had not cast away along with it the power to develop life in the noble action and passion of a Götz and of an Egmont! Would that he had always borne in mind (what Shakespeare never forgets) that "the proper study of mankind is man:" not man as dilettante and critic,—not even man as artist or poet, but man as doer and as sufferer according to the fundamental laws of his being! The brilliant epigrams of the Second Faust only attract for a moment: its play of wit and fancy leaves the heart untouched. The sweet lyrics of the classical Walpurgisnight are expended on what is but a waste of arid sand in the eyes of the many, by whom their wealth (sufficient to endow a whole college of ordinary poets) flows unheeded. Whereas the lyric founts of the First Faust pour their streams over fields which every man has dwelt in, or looked upon with interest. When Faust breaks forth before his respectful but unsympathising hearer, with his wild longings and his despair of ever getting their thirst quenched; when later on he stands in hopeless anguish before the ruin which he has caused; when Margaret talks to him in the garden with her artless and innocent confidence, or when she falls fainting in the Cathedral beneath the burden of her self-reproach, it is no poetic abstraction, but a real human being, a true brother, a true sister, whose joy, whose sorrow, whose agonies, whose sighs, affect us as things which belong to us very nearly.

But when Helen vanishes from Faust's embrace, or when the dirge resounds over the bright boy, her son, gone prematurely down to Hades, we recognise indeed the types of the two sharpest of human sorrows, and our souls vibrate for a moment beneath the master's touch at these abstract presentments of woe; but they are only languidly stirred as by the spent wave, not shaken as by the very tempest of grief. There is every other element of poetry in the Helena, save the passionate, over which Goethe, having sat a crowned king from his youth upward, wilfully abdicated his throne in his later years. It is the perfection of form—its execution is faultless; but, as the story implies, it has only a galvanized semblage of life.

Such then is Faust—a river mighty from the first, ending as it began amid rocky glens and wild mountain gorges; but in its intermediate course winding slowly among level plains, where it receives the wealth of tributary streams, whose source lies higher up than its own.

The first part is like a day spent in the tropics: the second rather resembles one passed under our own sky. In the former the sun leaps forth suddenly from the darkness, blazes for a while with fierce, vertical rays; and then is as suddenly eclipsed behind the black clouds of the gathering tornado. In the latter the air is serene, the light steady, the warmth equable, and though the mists hang low at eve, though the rain descends and the lightning flashes, yet the

storm does not last, and when it has cleared away it leaves the full moon shining.

You cannot pass from one play to the other without feeling this change of temperature. And yet, alas! there is one want which they have in common. To all the marvellous combinations presented by their union of the wider scope and freer play of the Elizabethan drama, with the stately tragedy of Hellas, is lacking the atmosphere of faith in the unseen. That atmosphere, breathed alike by an *Œdipus* and a *Lear*, by a *Cordelia* and an *Antigone*, fails to envelop Faust, who remains essentially unbelieving even after the realities of the invisible world have been partially unveiled to him. Hence the absence of almost all interest, but a selfish one, on his part in the life which surrounds him. His fellow men are the means of his culture, the trophies of his triumphs, but little to him for their own sake. That ceaseless sympathy with the joys and sorrows he beholds on Dante's part, which is the salt of his *Divine Comedy*, giving a unity to its many and varied pictures by showing them all to us in the mirror of one mind, exists not here. Surely the great German's work would have been more complete, more thoroughly one, and therefore more noble and more durable, had he, like the great Italian, kept his hold on the true centre of unity, and retained the power of seeing all things and all men in God.

E. J. HASELL.

SWEET ARAMINTA.

ARAMINTA JOHNSON is, without question, a lovely creature. She is just twenty, of the middle height, and a blonde ; she has a profusion of fair hair worn in coils, and thrown back to show to its fullest extent her broad high forehead ; her nose is aquiline ; a rich natural colour glows upon her cheek, and her blue eyes seem to possess the peculiar faculty of being able to penetrate into one's innermost thoughts. At least such was the opinion I formed of Araminta when she came with her mamma for the first time to the fashionable church of St. Magnus-cum-Little-Benjamin, and the pew-opener (we being "high" call him a "verger") ushered them to the pew immediately in front of that in which I sat. In our church we are not yet sufficiently advanced to separate the sexes ; hence, on the particular evening when the sweet Araminta burst upon my sight like a fairy vision, I had full opportunity of noting her beauty. Some people have since told me—doubtless they are envious, because I know her and they do not—that her features are by no means so perfect as I describe, and that she is far from being a beauty ; still her influence is as great over me now as when I first fixed my gaze upon her, and I can say, too, that I regard her with as much silent admiration. Araminta—dear Araminta I may call her to-day—will ever be to me the same lovely light-hearted creature.

They were new-comers to the neighbourhood, and being, on their first visit to the church, unprovided with the proper hymn-books (a matter not to be wondered at when we consider that every church seems to have its special psalter), it was my supreme felicity to hand Araminta and her mamma those I possessed. Never shall I forget the glance with which my divinity favoured me when, the service being over, she returned me the books. I fell desperately in love with the fair creature, and mentally vowed that the remainder of my life should be dedicated to her.

As fortune (good or ill the sequel of my narrative will show) would have it, Araminta and her mamma decided upon occupying the pew into which they had at first been shown, and Sunday after Sunday my eyes drank of my beloved's beauty, whilst my ears were strained to catch the sound of that sweet voice, which joined in all the responses and with religious fervour carolled forth its songs of praise.

Araminta and her mamma being uppermost in my thoughts, I felt compelled to speak of them ere introducing myself. As the reader's intelligence will have noted, the writer of this narrative is at heart and by nature a poet—a lover of the beautiful and true; but a relentless fate has made him clerk to a stock-broker, and, as though that were not sufficient to drown the minstrel's song, he has been dubbed by his godfathers and god-mothers Uriah.

Yes, Uriah Quick—such is the name I bear among my fellows; but neither they nor the world in general estimate the poetic ardour and lofty aspirations which lift me, eagle-like, above the common herd. Morning and mid-day I am a grub delving among Consols, New Threes, Turks, Reduced, Italians, Peruvians, and other sordid substantialities; but with the closing of the office door behind me, and the echo of my footsteps upon the pavement outside, I divest myself of worldly associations, and, extending my broad pinions, take my flight. Higher and higher soars my soul, as though 'twould reach the other pole; then, with a sigh that shows my dearth, it sinks again to vulgar earth. For a time I am lost to all that is passing around me, and not until I enter my humble lodging do I become aware that a scanty and hurried dinner necessitates my lingering over the fragrant Bohea.

Proud am I to say that the heavenly music which has swept my lyre has not been withheld from the breathing, struggling mass around me. To my credit be it said, that I have afforded the public an opportunity of listening to the sweetest harmonies mind ever conceived. Yes! I have been in print. Like all unknown men, I experienced disappointment at first. I found the great publishers as unappreciative of poetry possessing the true ring of genius as they are fabled to be; but I scorned, I defied such petty obstacles. I was equal to the occasion. If no one would publish for me, I would publish for myself. I was recommended to a printer, and entrusted my precious MS. into his hands. A superior man was that printer; no sooner did his eyes run over a few of my verses, than he exclaimed, "These poems, sir, is first-rate." Upon the strength of this true critical judgment—all the more precious as coming from such a disinterested source—I at once ordered an edition of 500 copies, to be printed in the clearest of type, upon the thickest of paper—large octavo size—with an emerald green cloth binding, and gilt edges.

Was I rash? was I wrong? No; a thousand times no! I showed the world that I possessed a spirit not to be crushed by the prejudices of publishers, or their lack of enterprise. I was no Chatterton, no Otway, to waste my sweetness on the desert air—to remain unestimated at my full value until my heart should be still, and the hand that penned my glorious lines should lie stiffened in the tomb.

It was wise of me to publish; an inner consciousness tells me so. The little bill, forwarded with the worthy printer's respects, amounted to more than I had expected, and indeed absorbed nearly my year's salary from the stockbroker's office. But what of that? Had I not the sweet consolation that I had done humanity a service? My work had for its title "*Mute Heart-burnings*," which was at once catching and appropriate to the matter of the poems. With respect to the sale I was somewhat disappointed. Though more than two years have elapsed since the public outpouring of my muse, not more than twenty copies have been sold. One hundred copies were sent to the newspapers to be reviewed, and received but scant recognition; and nearly another hundred were presented to expectant friends, who seemed to think that I was in duty bound to provide them with the volume, and who afterwards anused themselves by passing upon it all sorts of absurd and adverse criticisms. Pecuniarily the labour of my teeming brain has proved a failure, but the time will come, and is perhaps not far distant, when each of my little volumes will sell for its weight in gold, and be worth it too. Hurt at the neglect which had attended the first-born of my muse, I resolved that a great portion of the surplus stock should be presented to some of our national institutions. I forwarded copies to the principal hospitals in London, and despatched specimen volumes to each of the county lunatic asylums, where I am told the "*Heart-burnings*" are in great demand and are much appreciated.

Enough has now been said upon this subject. I am neither vain nor egotistic, and I shrink from the task of further personal description of myself and my attributes. To posterity I leave a legacy that some day or other will be considered priceless; and to that pleasant happy time, when my soul——But to resume.

The reader will already have observed my energy of character. Having fallen madly in love with *Araminta*, it was not long before I found an opportunity of being introduced to her and her mamma. By what shifts and contrivances I secured the aid of a mutual friend, and by him was made known to the object of my adoration, need not here be stated. Enough that before three months passed I became an occasional caller, and then a frequent visitor at the residence of the fairest dweller in Canonbury.

I found that Mrs. Johnson was a widow who had moved in a far superior circle to that she now occupied, and that *Araminta*, her only child, was, through the eccentricity of a deceased uncle, the happy possessor of £300 per annum, which, however, was to be taken from her and given, half to her mother and half to an asylum for disabled and homeless cats, should she wed without Mrs. J.'s consent. Oh! how I loved the fair heiress! How I sympathised with her under the trying circumstances in which she was placed! Naturally Mrs. Johnson would look with distaste upon every suitor. To inherit a

fortune and then to lose it by the caprice of a mother! No, this must not be. Araminta should not risk such disappointment. I was the gallant knight to rescue her from thralldom; Araminta and her £300 per annum should be mine. The worldly wisdom under whose influence I was a slave from nine until four every day except Sunday, told me that first of all I ought to conciliate the mamma. My soul despised artifice, but it was for her—for Araminta's—sake. And the poor girl was grateful. I knew that she saw in me a gallant deliverer, although no word of love had ever passed my lips. In the presence of Mrs. Johnson I was indeed cold and distant to my beloved, but I felt sure that Araminta saw through the *ruse*. Indeed, she rewarded me with so many beaming smiles that I was fully repaid for the unwilling attentions I bestowed upon her maternal guardian. But I had not long become a frequent visitor at the little Canonbury villa ere I began to fear that in the pursuit of Araminta's affection I had a rival.

At first I only heard of Mr. John Smith through Mrs. Johnson, who informed me that he was a most desirable young man to know, and that she hoped we should shortly become acquainted. Smith, it was said, was a handsome young fellow; Smith was an accomplished man, his vocal ability being something marvellous; Smith was well-to-do; Smith was of good family—in short, Smith was everything desirable, and my ears tired of his name ere I once set my eyes upon him. He accompanied my friends one night to church, and with disgusting impertinence (as I thought) placed himself next to Araminta. They shared the same hymn-book, and seemed to be on the most agreeable terms. In listening for the lovely Araminta's voice my ears caught the sound of his. And they called him a singer! It is perhaps well for the happiness of the world in general that the superior taste and lofty intellect of Uriah Quick are possessed by few.

Handsome, forsooth! In what did his beauty consist? Was it his Roman nose, thick moustache, curly hair, and lofty stature that gave him an advantage over me? Psha! 'tis the mind, and not the outward appearance that should command respect. As is beautifully expressed in the "Mute Heart-burnings":—

What lifts thee o'er all common kind,
Sure 'tis the beauty of thy mind:
In thee I see no vulgar dross,
Nothing mean, nor weak, nor gross.

I could have struck my rival to the earth when, on issuing from the church, Araminta gave me a nod of recognition, and immediately took the proffered arm of Smith. But I was true to my purpose; I showed no spleen; I was resolved to conciliate Araminta's mamma, and I flattered myself that already she was beginning to regard me

as a suitable son-in-law. She is what is termed by the vulgar a strong-minded woman—that is to say, she is resolute of purpose, ready of speech, and loves intellectuality rather than shallowness. This was why I found favour in her eyes; and I felt that I could now safely defy the fate which had placed my lot in life among noisy City men, and had bestowed upon me the horrible name of Uriah. Yes, my foot was firmly set upon the path which led to Araminta and the £300 per annum.

Steadily pursuing the plan I had formed in my mind, and of which I felt my charmer was cognisant—witness her nod of recognition—I offered my arm to Mrs. Johnson, and all the way from the church to the dwelling blessed by the presence of my beloved, we spoke of poetry and the arts. A very clever appreciative woman is Mrs. Johnson. In stature there was scarcely an inch difference 'twixt her and her daughter, and when she spoke it seemed the very echo of Araminta's voice. Therefore when I avoided looking into Mrs. Johnson's face, and refrained from the mental calculation of how far she had advanced on the wrong side of forty, I was able to fancy that I had Araminta by my side. This gave me poetic inspiration, and I felt little of the embarrassment which usually accompanies a young man's conversation with his future mother-in-law.

"Oh, you must come in and take a little supper with us," said Mrs. J., when the tall hollyhocks, growing in the front garden of her villa, began to loom in the distance; "I want to introduce you to our friend Mr. Smith."

Throughout our walk Araminta and her hated companion kept well a-head. They started with a lead and maintained it so well that they had entered the house ere we were in sight. I did not want to become acquainted with Smith; but I did wish to bid Araminta good-night, and to indicate, by a stronger pressure of the hand than usual, that I was making the way smooth with her mamma.

No expression of my adoration had yet escaped me; but that mysterious feeling which binds twin souls together, and makes each recognise its fellow, had, I thought, made my love as apparent to Araminta as though I had proclaimed it upon my knees. True, Araminta, save by a few friendly nods and piercing glances, had never given me cause to think that my love was returned; but this was maidenly modesty that she knew would be appreciated. How aptly those melodious lines in the "Mute Heart-burnings" describe this feeling:—

What need to loudly speak my love
When in every action it doth show?
Speech can do little to make me prove
What head and heart so fully know.

The introduction to Smith came. He was, as I had imagined, a shallow-brained coxcomb. 'Twas Hyperion to a Satyr over again:

I being Hyperion, of course, and he the distorted monster. They said he was a musician; well, if loud growling among the lower "F's" in the bass, in the attempt to drown everybody else's voice, constitutes a claim to be considered a musician, then Smith should at the very least have put "Mus. Doc." at the end of his name. My friends say I have a pleasant tenor voice—a "light tenor," they call it; and I flatter myself that in some Handelian songs there are few who can surpass me. But of this it is not for me to speak; suffice it that Smith's strident "F's" and "E's" perfectly quenched my light tenor, Araminta's heavenly soprano, and her mamma's tremulous second. It was a welcome release when supper was announced. Then offering my arm to Mrs. Johnson, we left her offspring and Smith to follow. Of course all this time and throughout the period of supper my heart was with Araminta, although I let no desires of my own interfere with my purpose of rescuing the fair creature from the thralldom of her mother. Taking furtive glances at Araminta on the other side of the table, I could not but compare her to Andromeda. Yes, she was the beauteous creature tied to the rock of single blessedness, her mother was the monster, I was the gallant Perseus, resolved upon rescuing my beloved, and Smith—well, he was an officious on-looker, a sort of theatrical "super," nothing more.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. J., during an interval of cold beef and salad, "my Algy was so fond of music. Often and often has he called me to his side and insisted upon my joining him in 'Meet me by moonlight alone.' Do you know that song, Mr. Quick?"

I became all attention at the mention of this Algy, of whom I had never heard before. Was he among the living? If so he must be Araminta's brother. Perhaps *he*, too, would have to be conciliated ere the divine creature and the three hundred pounds per annum became mine! My experience with Mrs. J., and the fear that a similar process would have to be gone through with this Algy, completely took away my appetite, and I had barely strength to gasp out,—

"No, ma'am, I do not know the song. Pray does Algy live?"

"Live, certainly not, Mr. Quick; poor dear Algy, he died in 1848. Poor dear Algy!"

A weight was lifted off my mind; but never having previously heard of "poor dear Algy" my curiosity was stimulated, and I determined to pursue my inquiries further. It was now a favourable moment, for Smith had engaged Araminta's attention in a long discussion upon the principles of light. I think I forgot to mention that Smith had something to do with the construction of philosophical instruments.

"Dear me," I said, moving my chair closer to Mrs. Johnson, "pray what was the nature of his complaint?"

"Oh! Mr. Uriah," she murmured, placing one hand in mine whilst the other held her handkerchief to her eyes. I felt gratified

by this mark of esteem and began to calculate how many days would transpire ere I became, with the consent of her mamma, Araminta's betrothed.

"Ah!" I mentally exclaimed, glancing at Smith, "This is about the last time, young fellow, you'll have beef and salad here."

"You have a sympathising heart, Mr. Uriah, is it not so?" resumed the widow interrogatively.

I admitted the fact, upon which she, apparently gratified that her estimation of me was correct, gave my hand another squeeze. Araminta and the annuity could not be far off now.

"He was my second, and I think I loved him better than the rest."

"Indeed," I replied. "Why, I thought, Mrs. Johnson, you never had but one."

"Oh yes, Mr. Uriah, I have had three," answered the grief-stricken woman, wiping away a couple of tears she had succeeded in bringing to her eyes.

Determined not to be daunted in my investigation—it was all done through my determination to free Araminta, be it remembered—I asked "Were they girls or boys, Mrs. Johnson?"

The widow's hand was suddenly withdrawn from mine; then bending upon me a look in which pity and indignation seemed to be strangely mingled, she said, "I do not understand you, Mr. Quick."

The blood rushed to my cheeks, and I know I blushed horribly at the consciousness that somehow or other I had, vulgarly speaking "put my foot in it." What made the matter worse was that Mrs. J.'s last inquiry had disturbed Araminta and the hated Smith in their discussion upon light, and that they also were looking inquiringly at me. "Pray, ma'am, were you—you—not speaking of your children?" I stammered.

"Children! no, sir," she exclaimed, drawing herself to her full height, "I spoke of my HUSBANDS!"

Involuntarily I drew my chair a few paces from the terrible woman from whose clutches I was bent upon rescuing Araminta. It was very rude and pointed of me, but I could not help it. Lucky for my purpose was it that this revelation had not come sooner. Had I known how things were, I could not have had courage to escort Mrs. J. from church so frequently. No matter, my purpose was now nearly accomplished. Araminta, I felt sure, would shortly be mine, and it would be my care to see that she should not follow the fearful example of her mother.

I scarcely know how the remainder of the evening passed. I fancy I could not have shown to advantage, inasmuch as I was vexed with the little mishap that had taken place; and my thoughts were occupied with the startling fact that Araminta's mamma had buried three husbands.

I recollect nothing of what transpired after this until I found myself

outside the house with Smith by my side. He had been talking some time ere I listened, but suddenly my ears caught the name of Araminta, and then I became all attention.

"You have influence—great influence, as anyone can see, with her mother, you might put in a word for me."

"Why?" I inquired mechanically.

"Because you might be enabled to gain her consent to our marriage."

"To your marriage? Marriage with whom?"

"Why, with Araminta of course. Don't you know that if the girl marries without her mother's approval she loses £300 a year?"

"What, have you proposed to her?"

"Not yet, but I mean to shortly. That's why I want you to talk about it to the old woman."

"What," I observed to the talkative Smith, "is filthy lucre when weighed against true love?"

"Exactly," said he, "but I don't care about the girl without the money."

This, then, was the mean, contemptible creature who had been held up to me as a paragon among men. He could not dissociate Araminta from her yearly income. The two must come together, or she should never bear his name. Oh! paltry scoundrel! Had he been short and I tall, I would have crushed the life out of him as he stood before me. But Nature has made me a short man, and Smith towers a foot above my head, so prudence repressed all bellicose inclination, and whispered in my ear, "Try moral 'suation." "All right!" I mentally exclaimed, "I will."

We had now arrived at a road where he had to take one direction and I the other. He wrung from me a half promise that I would say what I could in his favour, and then we parted. I was glad to be quit of him, for I now knew that he had entered the lists for Araminta; and I wanted to mature my own plan of action. I resolved to declare my passion the next night. Had I not the best right to her—had I not ingratiated myself with her mamma—the heroine of three husbands—purposely that no objection should be offered to Araminta's choice of me? Was Smith to steal a march upon me over the ground I had so carefully prepared? No! I am a man of action. Smith should receive his dismissal the next night.

The resolution with which I retired to rest was strengthened when I arose; and from the first hour of business to the time when I returned to my lodging my purpose remained unaltered. When and under what circumstances was it best to proffer my suit? Twilight? Yes in "the twilight's holy calm" which some one has written about. Araminta was fond of poetry—at least, that is, good poetry. I know this from the fact of having caught her more than once smiling in silent ecstacy over the beauties of my "Heart-burnings." In that

romantic hour when the shadows deepen, and all around gives token of the approach of night, I would address to her words of love. She in reply would quote passages from the volume which I had presented to her, and this might be construed as a delicate assent to my suit. I saw it all, and dressing myself with scrupulous care strode forth upon my mission.

Lo, where comes the gallant knight
Clad in robes of radiant light ;
The hero of a generous band,
His to direct, his to command.

These stirring lines from the "Heart-burnings" recurred to my memory as I paced the strip of path which led to the portal of my beloved. In the gloaming I saw through the parlour window a hand wave a welcome to me. A thrill of delight passed through me as I felt that it must be her—my beloved.

So well had I become known at the little villa that it was not necessary I should be announced by the servant. On this occasion, however, I thought it wiser to deposit a half-crown in the domestic's palm ; she, with a knowing smile, motioning with her finger toward the parlour-door, gave me to understand that the object of my search was within and alone. This silent intelligence was so gratifying to me, that I felt half-inclined to give Jane another half-crown, but I kept to the half-inclination and did not.

Quickly turning the handle of the door, I entered the apartment sanctified by her presence. As I had anticipated, she was alone. Seated in front of the window, she had evidently been expecting my approach, and, betrayed by the exultation of the moment, had waved her hand as she saw my form emerge from the shadow cast upon the path by the tall hollyhocks. I knew that her face was beaming with smiles, although in the gloom of the apartment I could not see a feature. I could picture the rosy flush upon her cheek, her bright glance towards me, and the pouting of her lips that would murmur, "Uriah, dear, I love you," if they had only dared. I knew that all this was expressed on my Araminta's face, by the tremulousness of her hand and the quivering accents in which she said how delighted she was to see me.

I did not ask my beloved the usual question relative to the state of her mamma's health, as I feared this would lead to the Medusa herself being summoned to pay her respects to me, but went straight to the cause of my visit, dreading lest Smith should forestall me. Drawing my chair closer and closer to hers, we talked a few moments about the state of the weather, how warm it had been throughout the day, how refreshing the air seemed towards evening, how we hoped it wouldn't be as hot to-morrow, and how nice it would be if a little rain were to fall during the night. We rang the usual changes

upon this topic, and then with the exhaustion of the subject came an interval of silence—a hush of nature as it were. Still nearer to her I approached; then, taking her willing hand in mine, I murmured, “Dearest.”

She had evidently been expecting the avowal of my love (dear girl! who knows how long the passion had secretly burned within her bosom!), for without drawing back her hand she whispered, “Uri, dear, go on, I do so like to hear you talk.”

“Uri!” Well really my name divested of the final “ah” did not, coming from her lips, sound so prosaic as I had once thought it. She called me, “Uri,” “Uri dear;” that then was to be my pet name. Thus encouraged, I proceeded:—

“Sweetest, you bid me talk. Ah, love, had I ten thousand tongues they could lisp no name so treasured as your own. Dearest, I love you—you know it. Long has my heart been yours. Why have my visits here been so frequent? Because, dearest, you were the magnet that attracted me. Tell me, may I not call you mine?”

“Oh! Uri dear, this is so sudden, so unexpected, give me time to consider.”

“Not an hour, not a moment,” I exclaimed, in the mad enthusiasm of my love. “I would have my answer at once—this anxiety I cannot brook.”

“Then, Uri dear, *I will be yours, and yours alone.*”

In a moment I had clasped her waist, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek. “That ratifies our compact. Now tell me, dearest, how long is it since you knew I loved you?”

“Oh, a long time, Uri dear—a very long time, almost as long as I have known you. But you have not yet told me how we are to live, Uri. You know I have a small income, but it is not sufficient for us both.”

Three hundred pounds per annum a small income! ’Twas thus slightly she spoke of her wealth. Oh! how I loved the girl! I felt the inferiority of my position at once, but I summoned courage and told her of my income and prospects, even communicating the hope I still entertained respecting the copies of the “Heart-burnings” remaining unsold.

“Oh, Uri dear,” she murmured, her head resting upon my shoulder and her face upturned to mine, “I am more than satisfied. Oh! how I have longed for, yet feared, the arrival of this moment.”

“Then, my betrothed, you confess to having loved me ere my avowal.”

Never shall I forget the ecstasy that filled my soul as she replied, hesitatingly, “Yes, Uri, almost from the commencement of our acquaintance.”

DARLING girl! “And what, dearest,” I continued in my delirious

joy, "what trait in my character charmed you most, what led to my winning your heart? Was it my poetic genius?"

"Oh, no, 'twas your resemblance to Algy."

"Algy? do you mean your stepfather?"

"No, my second HUSBAND."

Great Powers! *I had proposed to the Gorgon of a mother.* In the horribly poetic twilight I had mistaken Mrs. Johnson for her daughter. The fatal resemblance of voice and height proved my betrayal, and I sank back in my chair dumb-founded.

Next Wednesday what some people call an "interesting ceremony" is to be gone through at the church of St. Magnus-cum-Little-Benjamin. If I survive till then, I am to be dragged to the hymeneal altar by Mrs. Johnson; and immediately after she has legally become Mrs. Quick, that detestable Smith is to wed the lovely Araminta and her £300 per annum. For me there is nought but genteel poverty and petticoat government. I feel it is coming. Should my spouse be again widowed (as is more than likely), may the earth lie light upon my blighted corse!

JACK ROBINSON.

QUÀ VERITAS?

THE QUEST OF A STRANGER.

Just as the morning broke one day gone by,
A stranger-figure passing through the air,
All clothed in white, with eyes wide set apart,
Softly alighted on the shining stones
Of the awakening city : and stood still.
Eastward she looked before her, then to north,
And south ; and as she paused awhile and turned,
The morning sun gilded her broad white forehead,
That it out-shone as mountain peak snow-clad,
When the day dawns or dies, and smiles upon it :
And on her forehead was a golden name.

"It is the sweet spring season," she said, low,
"For mortals. I remember well
The primrose and the dark blue hyacinth-bell,
And lilies whiter than the name I bear ;
Where flowers are in their innocence,
I shall find it there."

So swift she passed, and with the creaking sound
Of the last wain flower-laden for the town,
Whose horses nodded catkins from their heads,
And dangled cowslips from their rusty bits,
Whose driver sat behind a posy rare
Of all sweet-smelling things from country nooks,
She entered the great market place unseen.

There jokes were gaily bandied to and fro,
And coin passed freely there from hand to hand.
But other things assailed the listening ear
Of that white figure standing in the midst,
And turning sadly once again she spoke :

"Sweet scent of flowers—the incense of the spring,
And violets hallowing the unholy air,
But here is never rest, soul, for thy feet ;
I must away and find my quest elsewhere."

Now at a door stood the white form, and said :
 " Lo, here I find, and finding enter in,
 The Soul of Man—I mind he had a soul—
 High-set, so reaching near to God will be
 The home of that I seek. Open to me ! "

Behind a chair, whereon the master sat,
 Stood the white figure all unseen of him.
 His head was bowed upon his hand, and broad
 And high the archèd forehead was that leant
 Over the writing on the outspread page.
 Knowledge was written in his clear dark eye,
 And power in the nervous open hand.
 " Lo, I shall find it here," said the low voice
 Of her behind ; and then she stooped and read
 While the wet ink still glanced upon the page.

(Private.)

*" The Editor presents his compliments to Mr. B.,
 And will be glad to know, by early post, what he
 Would feel inclined to give for a good notice
 Of Mr. B.'s last book, whose classic beauties
 None better estimates than he whose vote is
 It should be duly flattered in the — Review."*

Again without the door stood the white form,
 And brighter for the darkened threshold she had past,
 Gleamed out the name upon her. But her eyes,
 Wide-oped, were sad, as with a new-found pain.

" Methought it had been there !
 Methought the great were small,
 Nor great at all,
 What time they shunned my quest.
 The hours flee by—where further shall I seek ?
 Or where find rest ? "

And then, " A thought ! " she said, and hurried on.

Another door, both wide and high, but closed.
 The stranger lingers with uplifted hand
 And ear intent. She will not break the spell—
 For like a spring upwelling in a wood,
 All soft and gurgling in its early sounds,
 Then gushing upward to the trembling air
 And falling gently over rounded stones—

Last, dying softly in a mossy bed,
 Or wailing sadly into moan of trees
 Wind-tossed and swaying,—so a voice within,
 Upwelling, surging, gushing, wailing, sad,
 Held the white form entranced before the door.

The sweet voice ceased. The voice without said low,
 "The quest is found—is found! and I may bide
 A while here by my Lord's decree. For sure
 If ever song of sky-lark may be pure,
 Or rise unerring to the smiling sun,
 Here mounts a soul unsullied up to God!"

Then with soft feet, as if on hallowed ground,
 Trembling with sweet forebodings of sweet bliss,
 As of a lover hastening to his bride,
 Long severed from him, in she passed unseen.
 The face before her, at the further end
 Of the long room, was saintly in her eyes;
 And the long throat that swelled and throbbed in song,
 Like happy robin's on a sunny day,
 Was white as the pure sounds it channelled.
 "Here," said the stranger, "I have found my quest!
 Though, it is true, I care not for a crowd,
 In crowds my quest takes wings, is seldom found."
 But, at her side, a thin voice whispered shrill
 Into an ear beside her:

"It is well!

*She does not sing so badly after all,
 Seeing she sings the song
 Only because it is not long
 Since she has scrawled her name
 Across the back. For shame!
 And why? what should she do,
 But sing that song, and anyothers too,
 She has a handsome royalty upon?*

*"Honest? Oh, she was honest once, I think,
 But you must know
 That was some time ago;
 Not since she passed her teens,
 And learnt what money means.
 What? Sing the best songs? Stuff!
 The best songs are the songs that bring enough
 To give us wherewithal to eat and drink,*

*"Dress well, and drive a carriage, and so on.
 Music is beautiful, I own,
 But Music all alone
 Cuts a poor figure. Here!—
 Take my advice, you little dear—
 When Vocebella takes you on her tour,
 Make no selections of your own, be sure!
 You'll have to sing what she's a royalty upon."*

The Stranger passed out silent from the place,
 And through the streets unseen she paced along,
 Unseen of any. Then her step grew fast.
 "Fool that I was!" she said, and saying, sighed,
 "This is no place for me to seek my quest!
 The air is tainted with unholy things—
 Man is the master here. My Master rules,
 Alone in unmarred majesty, out there!
 Beyond the clamour and the rising smoke,
 Where snowdrops bow their virgin breasts and are
 Unsoiled: where nothing hides the fecund earth
 From Him, but modest veils of elm-tree boughs
 Fresh-powdered for the spring. I haste me there."

And as with swift, light sweep she passed along—
 Quicker than time, and straighter than a thought—
 She saw a village nested by the sea.
 And there she paused, and passing up the street,
 Two maidens, hand in hand, looked at her.
 "What dost thou see?" said one. "I know not what,
 But 'tis a little cloud, I think, that flits
 Up from the shore. What think'st thou that it is?"
 And then the other maiden spoke, brushing her hand
 Across her eyes, that stared at space:—
 "I think it was some old-world woman's form.
 Dost thou believe in ghosts? I know that form,
 That woman's, is a stranger in this place.
 We women are not habited like that!
 Perhaps it *was* a cloud. But come and see
 Something that's meant for folk like you and me.

*"Tails and Tresses of Beautiful Hair—
 None need grow old, and none despair.
 Curls and Coronets ready-made,
 Mixed with grey, and of every shade;
 Patronized by all the ladies of the nation,
 And sent by post, secure from observation."*

White ships, with sails unfurled, were dancing there,
 Impatient on the summit of the waves.
 "Near to the sea!—nearer to Him!" she said;
 "The sea has something of Him, has a somewhat true
 In its great roll of awe and majesty.
 Methinks that I shall find it here, at length."

So spake she while the wind, the breath of God,
 Ruffled her vesture. But a voice said low:—

*"Seest thou that ship impatient for the sea?
 Seest thou how tardily the crew foregather?
 That ship will never ride again to port,
 Or breast those water-horses, that foam up and lather,
 And dash their impotence against the shore,
 And moan their madrigal of 'Nevermore!'*

*"Foul weather? Nay, no weather from God's hand,
 But foul, foul weather, and black mires upsurging
 In that base cauldron that the devil stirs
 In men's bad hearts, that are too black for purging.
 That ship, and that beyond, are doomed. But hear
 Two voices talking on the wave-lash'd pier."*

*"Go down? ay, ay, and time she did go down!
 How ever she's so long-lived is my only puzzle!
 Between us both, you know, I wish it done.
 But there's no fear! It's easy just to muzzle
 The only tongues such trifles may set free—
 Folks that are worthy friends to you and me."*

*"She's worth a round good ransom, any day,
 (At Lloyds, I mean, to go by the insurance),
 I've got one finger on the Board of Trade,
 And widows' grief is not of long endurance.
 I don't believe in Abel's blood, I say—
 I've seen so many silent Abels in my day."*

*"Bows first the last one went, heeled over, sank.
 Three men got off and saved their wives their mourning.
 'The Betsy-Jane, of Fairport, struck a bank:
 All efforts made to save her.' I'd a warning,
 A faint inquiry as to facts, they said—
 But—I've my finger on the Board of Trade!"*

Inland the Stranger turned her eyes and feet ;
 A steeple shone there in the evening sun.
 St. Peter's cock had caught a thousand beams,
 And cottage gardens gathered round the church ;
 And in a garden, looking at his vines,
 The grey-haired parson stood among his folk.
 His face was kind, and gentle were his words,
 And all the people loved him, save a few
 That loved not gentleness nor gentle words ;
 And the white figure, drawing near him, said,
 " In his sweet face I see my quest," when lo,
 The church bells chimed the hour : he turned to go.

The white form followed him along the path,
 His garden path, bejewelled with fresh flowers,
 And through the door would enter, but he said,
 " Who art thou, strange sweet form ? I know thy smile.
 Methinks I know—and know not—wouldst come in ?"
 So entered, fearing half, and she behind :
 But when he passed into a room where books
 Lay heaped about, all sunned and dusted o'er,
 He turned him round, as looking for the form,
 But could not see. He passed his hand in haste
 Across his eyes, and through his hair, and said,
 " It was a dream—or else the sun had made
 Some fair illusion for me. Here no more
 I see a white form following through the door.
 I know a form like that—I love her well,
 But best among the flowers. In here she were
 Not so good company, methinks, as there."
 Whereon he took a paper from a heap,
 And read, dipping his pen meanwhile to write:—

*" Sermons. A strictly original Collection :
 Best lithography, to avoid detection.
 (Quarterly subscription—thirteen-and-sixpence.)
 Farewells, Hospital, or Confirmation,—
 S. P. G. or Curates' Association.
 (Half-a-crown each.)
 Specials on any subject to order. One alone
 Fifteen-pence. Of excellent Church tone.
 Sent at a moment's notice, free of cost.
 (Sixpence extra, if by letter-post.) "*

The white form whispered, as in pain, " In vain !
 Here, even here, I cannot find my quest,

*He knew me at the first—he is not blind.
But, Master! he reads daily of Thy mind,
High things of God—and is not wholly true!
I must go hence.” But now a voice speaks, “Stay!”*

*Once more adown the garden came the man
The Form had seen within; and said again,
“I see that figure that I seem to know;
Dear Master, most like Thee!” then spoke,
“Wilt come, white form, with me?” and she made haste.*

*Up a long darkened stair, a little loft
Lay looking to the west. And on a bed
Turned sun-wards—and the sun was low—there lay
A little child, with eyes wide-oped and blue.*

*“Child,” said the grey-haired man; “my child!”—but he,
Starting up sudden from the pallet bed,
Stretched wide his wasted hands, and gave a cry,
And heeded not the grey head bent above,
But that he pushed aside, and flung his arms
About the Stranger, while he clung and wept.*

*“Dost know me?” said the white form, bending low,
“Ay!” said the child, “I know you. You are Truth.
God told me all about you long ago.
I used to look for you in primrose leaves—
I used to look for you beneath the snow;
God said you were so white, I thought your head
Was sure to sleep in just so white a bed.*

*“He doesn’t know you; no, you’ve been so long,
So long away! God said they’d all forget;
How do I know you? Ah, He taught me that,
Up high in heaven where His throne is set!
Stay just a little while! they’ll know you soon!
Can’t you go back by star-light, or by moon?”*

*Then was her vesture moved as when a breeze
Stirs on a pool at ev’ning, while the sun,
Blood-red, shone out upon her. And then erst
Might it be seen that white wings lifted up,
And laid them at her side, again, impatient.
And she said,—*

"I cannot leave thee, child,
Nor may I stay. Thou seest how low the sun
Lies waiting on the ledge of yon far field :
Here the Day ends—above is endless Day !
There all night long by sun-light thou wilt play
In God's great garden : wilt thou come with me !"

Then was a sudden tremor in the room ;
Then was a burst of glory on the gloom
Of every dust-grown corner—from the bed
To the dark ceiling. And the people said—
"The child is dead."

C. C. FRASER-TYTLER.

THE POETIC FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND.

IN Ireland, as in most other countries where folk-lore is, or has been abundant and popular, the nature and habits of the goblins will be observed to suit more than one mood and disposition of those who put faith in supernatural manifestations. The horrific mythology, for instance, is powerfully embodied in the Celtic legends of serpents dwelling in mountain lakes, in the stories of the Phooka, a kind of centaur-demon, or Hibernian dragon; while to the same division might be allotted the whole of the charnel-house tales, including death-coaches, apparitions, brown men (vampires or ghouls) and spectres who present themselves to the living in order to unburden their ghostly consciences by the confession of crimes committed in the flesh. But Ireland has, besides, a curious comic pantheism, if such a phrase may be permitted. To this order belongs the wonderful talking eagle, who carried the famous O'Rourke to the moon and back again, and the vast family of the elves who spent so much of their time in playing Robin Goodfellow tricks with belated peasants. The freaks of gnomes and pixies are to be found almost literally repeated in the tales told at Munster and Connaught firesides, so that an inquirer into subjects of the kind is almost inclined to believe that all fairies like the gipsies have a common origin. The sports, pranks, and revels which took place in the realms of Titania and Oberon, with the appropriate incantations for the suppression of the thorny hedgehogs and long-legged spinners, are described to us over again in the narratives of how court was kept by the elfin monarch Don Fierna, or in similar tales of high festival in the subterranean place of Queen Meav, who, indeed, by some commentators, is said to be identical with Queen Mab. Now Don Fierna hails from a rural parish in the county Cork, and Queen Meav or Meabh belongs to the wilds of Connemara. Of course the peasantry are unable to dress or equip their fairies as completely as the poet could, but they can give the note or suggestion which ends in the bee being robbed for the taper which is to be lit at the eyes of the glowworm, and in the painted wings of the butterfly being converted into a fan to keep off the moon-rays. In its way, what can be prettier than the common folk-lore belief that the top of the mushroom serves for a fairy banquet table, and that you can tell in the morning where the elves have been overnight, by looking at the heads of the daisies? The flowers round which the good people have assembled, are observed to be asleep and shut up in the noontide,

having been obliged, contrary to their sober custom, to keep their golden eyes open into the small hours of the morning.

The circumstance of the elves abducting the children of mortals—especially infants who have not been subjected to the rite of baptism—is an ordinary incident of Irish fairy-lore. Sometimes the little boy or little girl is kidnapped bodily into elf-land; sometimes the child, while apparently dead in the cradle, is believed to be in spirit the prisoner, thrall, or toy of a goblin community. In Wales the kidnapping superstition prevails. When a child is removed by the fairies, a squalling eldritch is occasionally put in its place; and in times past, this supposed monster was made to undergo a series of tests to ascertain its origin of a more crucial than graceful or poetical description. Irish poets, however, have turned to excellent account the pathetic aspect of this myth. Edward Walsh, one of the native bards, in a ballad tells how a girl had been led into a fairy fort, where she saw her little brother, who had died recently, lying in a gorgeous cradle rocked by a fairy woman:—

“Sweet babe! a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee!
When mothers languish broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,
Ah! little think the mourners lonely,
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen sho! lulo lo!”

Not only children, but grown people have been often carried or inveigled into fairy land. The story of Thomas the Rhymer, Thomas of Ercildoune, has its Irish prototype with almost identical features. One version of this legend tells how a hunter followed a milk-white doe until both his comrades and his dogs had deserted him. After a weary chase the knight—for of course the adventurer was a knight—pursues the doe single handed, until the creature vanishes as soon as it reaches a haunted spring. Round this spot the poet informs us purple heathbells were blooming, and as their fragrance and a feeling of fatigue tempted our knight to repose, he saw a fair lady in white approach him with a jewelled cup in her hand, in which she gaily pledged him by name. The hunter could do nothing less than propose for this lovely apparition on the spot, whereupon the damsel stoops over the fountain from which she draws a ring, and she and the knight then go hand in hand over the hills and far away, or into the hills, to follow the text here paraphrased:—

And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still the milk-white doe appears
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely haunted spring.

It will be remembered that Thomas the Rhymer was accosted by the queen of fair elf-land, who, after being kissed on the lips, raised Thomas to a seat on her steed, telling him to keep a guard upon his tongue in the place he was going to, otherwise he would never be able to return to the common world. The condition imposed on mortals who were abducted into fairy land in Ireland, in order that they might have a chance of ultimately escaping from bondage was, that they should touch no food, observe a rigid fast while they were with the good people. The most exquisite meats and dishes of all sorts were laid out to tempt them from this resolve; but the consequence of the slightest indulgence of appetite was understood to be imprisonment for ever with the fairies. A great many illustrations of this rule are given in connection with a very curious West of Ireland superstition. Some of the Irish elves at least would appear to be not only born like poor mortals, but to so far further partake of the weakness of humanity, as to require nursing at the breast in fairy babyhood. But the elfin matrons either shirked or disliked their duties to the infants; and so when Queen Meav or other fairy sovereigns required wet-nurses for their children, they sought for them amongst the ordinary midwives of the neighbourhood. A story is told of one Mary Rourke, who apparently died in childbirth, but who, in truth, had been carried off to the court of Fin Varra, the fairy king, to suckle an eldritch. This court was held in a grand castle, and one day Fin Var or Varra informed Mary that he was about to pay a visit to the province of Ulster. All the company were formed into a cavalcade, and, including Mary Rourke, were mounted on beautiful winged coursers. They passed over Loch Dan and the hills of Mourne, having set out at cockerow; at length they arrived at a place called Knocknafadalalah, where the widow Hughes lived with her good son Thady. It was Hallow eve night, and Thady was standing outside his house, when suddenly he saw the stars hidden by a singular-looking cloud, and heard a noise as of the trampling of horses. This, in fact, was the court of Fin Varra en route for Ulster. Thady, who was so far learned in folk-lore as to know that if the fairies have a Christian imprisoned amongst them they are obliged to release their captive on some one throwing a handful of gravel, in the name of the blessed Trinity into the airy procession, as the whirlwind swept by him, performed this ceremony, when down tumbled at his feet Mary Rourke herself. Mary was conveyed tenderly to the cabin of the widow Hughes, and Thady fell in love with her and in due time married her. She had, it seems, forgotten that her husband was still living; and, indeed, she stated she had lost her memory for everything which had occurred previous to her abduction by the fairies. She was recognised, however, by a pedlar, who informed her first husband of what had happened, and the people said it subsequently "took six clergy and a bishop to say whose wife she was."

The favourite time for seeing the elves is in midsummer, between lights, or later, or when the harvest moon is at its full. In haunted spots the hour of gloaming comes over meadows of grey mist threaded with rivers of fading saffron, a lingering flush in the sky, and a star shining over the plumes of a grove of fir-trees. Here is the path or the old castle of which the good people have taken possession. The ground is carefully shunned by the belated or wandering rustic. It may happen, however, that the area of enchantment is limited to a well or a thorn-tree, as in Ferguson's exquisite ballad. The poet relates how Anna Grace, and her three maiden companions, start off of an evening to dance a reel round the "fairy thorn on the steep." Merrily and blithely the lasses glance

"through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare,
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air."

But no sooner do they arrive near the hawthorn than they breathe and succumb to the atmosphere of enchantment:—

"But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze !
That drinks away their voices in endless repose.

And sinking one by one, like larknotes in the sky,
When the falcon's shadow sailleth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air gliding round."

And, gradually, as they lie in the half-swoon and half-trance, Anna Grace is drawn away from them, and they dare not look to see the hands laid upon her, and Anna is never again seen in the land of the living.

All the accounts that come to us testify to the wonderful effects of fairy music. In the vulgar legends, indeed, the cluricauns are represented as playing upon the bagpipes such planxties and jigs as might be heard at the cross-roads at a wedding or a christening, but we have also stories of harp tunes and melodies so solemn and absorbing that the soul has been made to lose the measure of time by them, and, when the awakening comes, years of the world have passed over the head of the listener unfelt and unobserved. It was a belief also that some of the ancient minstrels were in possession of fairy instruments, that they had been presented by elfin-potentates with the harps which so ravished the senses of the knights and dames for whom they performed. A harper was at any time liable to be carried off in a friendly way to a fairy revel, and pipers and

fiddlers have been constantly secured in order to assist in the jovialities of the good people. The elves, however, have also their own musicians and orchestra. When the key bugle, at the Gap of Dunlow, challenges the little folk, you shall hear their brave, fluttering response from the very centre of the grim mountains, the sharp, single reply, the pause of an instant followed by chord swelling after chord, rising and sinking and then flickering like a dying flame to faint away finally in the hills as if the musicians of Queen Meav had slowly closed the doors of the palace at which they were posted.

May mornings, before the dew is off the grass, and when the lark is in full song, are supposed to be likely occasions for meeting with certain of the good people. Some of them are early risers and evidently not subject to the law by which uncanny things are supposed to disappear as soon as the cock begins to crow. Shepherds and herdsmen have at times been startled, when counting the kine or sheep, to discover that additions have been made to their stock during the night. The illusion only lasts a few minutes, for the fairy cows or fairy sheep, as the case may be, soon seem to separate from the others and melt gradually into thin air or slide off into meres or lakes which open to receive the phantom cattle. Once it happened that "a strong" farmer of the Golden Vale, walking his fields of a May morning at sunrise, saw five strange cows, small and dun-coloured, in a meadow, and watching them and singing to them was a lady in a white gown and a golden belt, and a long staff in her hand. As soon as she perceived the farmer approaching she attempted to drive her cows into a loch at the end of the meadow, but our friend was too quick for her, and got between her and her charge. Whereupon she threatened him by a gesture, and the loch rippled and opened and she sank into it, but the cows remained quietly enough on the bank. The farmer then took formal possession of these oddly acquired chattels, and they behaved in every respect as honest common cows ought, with this difference that they were of the most surpassing beauty and furnished the richest milk and butter to the dairy. But from the morning they were first captured nothing prospered with the farmer. His ricks caught fire unaccountably, his other stock were afflicted with the murrain, his children fell sick, the house was disturbed by ghostly trampling at night, and the horseshoe over the door, the bit of rowan above the lintel, had no effect in keeping away the bad luck with which the owner of the elf-cows was so persistently visited. And so at last he determined to seek the aid of a fairy-man, or sort of male-witch, who dwelt amongst the mountains. He travelled to the abode of this wise person, who accompanied him back to his home, and set about freeing the premises from enchantment. The moment he laid his eyes on the cows he attributed the farmer's misfortune to the right cause,

and told him that at the next full moon he should drive the cattle to the loch and call on the good people to take their own again. This ceremony was duly performed, the goblin cows disappeared in the loch, and from that hour prosperity returned to the farmer and all were again comfortable and happy under his roof-tree.

In a drawing-room book of the finest and most delicate fancy, the letter-press furnished by Mr. William Allingham and the illustrations by Mr. Richard Doyle, is to be seen a number of pictures in verse and pencil from Fairy Land, in which everything graceful in the idea of elfin mythology appears to be grouped together. The blinking owl lends himself to the frolics and pranks of the fairies with a kind of solemn protest against the levity of the proceedings; the wee folk flit around and in the bells of the flowers; they make butterflies draw them in chariots; they mount sulky frogs with as much determination as Waterton mounted his alligator; now they drive a four-in-hand team of moths beneath the moon; they kiss under the shade of mushrooms; they sleep on the leaves that bend not beneath them, and their dresses, as well as attitudes, could only be dreamt of by an artist and a poet. And yet there is nothing to suggest the Home of the Elves in a pantomime, the red fire, or the purple clouds, the gossamer nymphs, and variegated festoons of paper, the vulgar wonders of a garish theatre scene. Fairies should never appear on the stage. Nothing can be more irritating and ludicrous than the best directed efforts of the kind to bring out in tights and tinsel, with ballet gambadoes and frolics, the Shakespearian elves of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." But fairies may be drawn or may be described so as to appear consistent and in accordance with our thoughts about them. I do not know whether Mr. Allingham or Mr. Doyle have ever come across the following passage taken from a defunct Irish periodical, but it is imbued with exactly the same sort of playful and picturesque ingenuity for which their weird toy-book is distinguished. "First came several little men of venerable years, whose white beards streamed down their breasts like flakes of froth. They were vested in loose white robes confined at the middle with cinctures of dead nettle. On their heads were caps made of acorn shells; in their hands long staves, whose beating kept up a melancholy rhythm to the chant of the multitude. They were followed by a swarm of tiny people, whose wizard-like faces, pimpled and blotched from chin to forehead, showed strangely in contrast with those which had preceded them. They walked on clawed feet, had conical humps on their shoulders, long hair stiff as barley beard, projecting from their backs. As they passed along they manifested their grief by horrible contortions of mouth and eye, and by stifled screams, resembling the brief reproach of the broken mandrake. In their rear came a motley crew of small people dressed in marigold coloured cloaks and pink breeches, driving before them a herd of hedgehogs, from whose long quills hung clusters

of pots, pans, drinking vessels, musical instruments, and artificers' implements. Each of the little people had a spot on the middle of his forehead, and his head was covered with a strip of snakeskin twisted into the likeness of a cowl. They accompanied their march by a wild plaint and the clashing of cymbals formed of the armour of the blackbeetle and studded with the yellow crust of the swallow's nest. On their heels limped a long train of goblins parti-coloured as a dead oak-leaf, and nimble as grasshoppers. Some were headed like hawks and crows, others seemed to have borrowed their faces from the gray owl and the lizard. Behind them, like a bed of moving lilies rocked by the wind on the cool rim of a lake, walked a long line of diminutive damsels, clothed in flowing vestments of white and azure sprinkled with minute stars. Each led by a leash a pair of piebald crickets, that chirped incessantly with a lack of cheerfulness which suited the general grief. Garlands of blowing honeysuckle were wreathed round their foreheads, and in their ears, scarcely hidden by the golden weeds of their hair, bells, almost invisible, kept up a melodious but sorrowful tinkling. In the midst of the damsels, mounted on a gray mouse richly caparisoned with dry violets, rode Meav (Meav—Meabh—Mab) the queen, the silken reins of her steed being held by two maidens hand in hand who walked at her side."

With reference to the absolute dimensions of fairies it is difficult to get a standard of measurement. In the older stories of evident pagan origin, mystic presences of all sorts assume either the human or a heroic size. The supposed primitive inhabitants of Ireland, the Tuatha de Danaans, were, tradition relates, great and wonderful magicians. It was by the power of magic that they raised many of the ancient monuments whose traces are still visible. They were also a people renowned for learning and for skill in the arts. It was thought that many of the Tuatha de Danaans survived by means of self-enchancement, and were in fact the fairy men and women occasionally visible to mortals. According to this superstition the phantoms or spirits of course assumed the proportions of human creatures, though usually of creatures of superhuman beauty or ugliness. The notion of the small elves would appear to date from the period at which the theory of the good people being "fallen angels" was adopted. They were not thought to be "fallen angels" in the usual restricted sense of the term. They were the neutrals—the miserable Uncertain Ones in the awful rebellion which took place amongst the Celestial Intelligences, and they were punished for their luke-warm loyalty by being banished, but only as far as the earth. Hence the mention of the holy name or of the Trinity causes a sad commotion amongst them, and several of the legends describe the pain felt by a fairy at the least reference to God or a future state. The dwarf-size was part of the punishment. The good people, when they fell from the sky, came down as thickly as raindrops. They have no souls to

live for ever, but they seem to know nothing of death or decay. When the world comes to an end they will come to an end with it, like the flowers, the birds, and the trees.

Merrows, mermen, merwomen, mermaids, are to be included amongst the graceful folk-lore Fauna of Ireland. The most learned commentators on Celtic antiquities assure us that the first merman was named Fintan, who came to Ireland before the Deluge, and was saved from drowning by being transformed into a fish. He afterwards lived in his natural form, though represented in sculptures in the same shape as the Assyrian Dagon (in a kind of salmon-skin cloak), until the days of St. Patrick, by whom he was converted to Christianity, and he ultimately became a saint and died of a good old age. In the Cathedral of Clonfert, county Galway, is the figure of a mermaid of the ordinary pattern, except that she carries an open book in her hand instead of the regulation looking-glass. Mr. Marcus Keane, in his "Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland," endeavours to trace a distinct connection between this county Galway mermaid and Vishnu as represented in the Matsya Avatar. A drawing of Vishnu certainly carries out Mr. Keane's curious suggestion, the Indian deity issuing from the mouth of a fish, the fish covering the lower portion of the body, while the figure bears a book in her hand. The Irish mermaid, in fact, Mr. Keane concludes, is identical with the fish-god of India, Babylon, and Canaan. In the "Annals of the Four Masters" we are told:—"In this year (558) was taken the mermaid, i.e. Liban, the daughter of Eochaidh." But the annals of Ulster set down this remarkable capture as having occurred in 571. "According to a wild legend this Liban was the daughter of Eocaidh, from whom Loch Eathach or Lough Neagh was named, and who was drowned in its eruption (A.D. 90) together with all his children except his daughter Liban and his sons Conaing and Cwman. The lady Liban was preserved from the waters of Loch Neagh for a full year in her *grianan* (or cave) under the lake. After this, at her own desire, she was changed into a salmon, and continued to traverse the seas until the time of St. Cumghall of Bangor." It would seem as if St. Cumghall got into communication with the mermaid or salmon, for the legend proceeds to tell us that she or it addressed the envoy of the saint and told him that she had been in and under the sea for 300 years, adding that she would turn up at a place called Larne on that day twelvemonth. When the time came the mermaid duly put in an appearance and allowed herself to be taken in a net. Thousands of people witnessed the wonder, and "the next day two wild oxen came to the spot, and, being yoked to the chariot on which she was placed, they bore her to *Leach Debesq*, where she was baptised by Comghall with the name *Muir gen*, or Born of the sea." Of genuine Undine legends there are not many in Ireland, those to be met with bearing distinct traces of literary artifice. It should be known

that there are as many mock fairy tales and stories invented for tourists on the Shannon at Killarney, in Connemara, as there are sham relics sold at Waterloo to credulous visitors. But the genuine folk-lore is easily recognisable. As a matter of fact, however, the old world stories are rapidly dying out. Fairies are kittle cattle and will not flourish in the neighbourhood of railway stations, national schools, or even in the vicinity of such evidences of progress and civilisation as Union workhouses. The present race of Irish farmers and labourers are so few in number that they must work hard from morning until night to meet the demands of the landlords and earn the high wages necessary to pay for high-priced provisions. In the old Paddy-go-easy times there was leisure for holding the wake at length, for the "pattern" or festival of the patron saint, for gatherings by the fireside when legends of the good people were remembered, exchanged, and perpetuated. And it is impossible not to think also that the climate has something to do with this decay or disappearance of the picturesque folk-lore. Whether from the cutting down of timber, for reasons afterwards explained in the Landed Estates' Court, from the effects of the Gulf Stream, from whatever cause, the climate of the island has grown moist and more moist, and the beautiful May mornings, the grey summer twilights, the bright moonlights when elves would show themselves, the O'Donoghue come up from his lake-dwelling to the rippling top of the mere, the merrow comb her flowing hair in the smooth sea-bays, the wee-folk trip it round the rath and in the green glimmering glades of the wood, such seasons are now as much things of the past in Ireland as potatoes without blight. The Irish fairies have been always lovers of fine weather, and were most plentiful when the soil supported a million of people more than it ought, and when altogether the country, if not so prosperous in its agricultural returns as it is at present, was more picturesque in that light in which an artist or a poet contemplates a ragged cabin with more favour than a trim quadrangular dwelling-house.

W. BARRY

CONVALESCENCE.

It may sound odd, but I am of opinion that it would be a good thing for most men if they were pulled up in the race for wealth and position, say at about twenty-five years of age—just before they have any more responsibility than to think of themselves. I believe an illness of three or four months, with a slight suspicion of danger in it, tends to make a young fellow, of decently-liberal education and some thinking powers, more of a philosopher than if he escaped the ills that flesh is heir to until a later period, when he is burdened with domestic responsibility and business or professional anxieties. The patient with his pulse at a low ebb, and his body undergoing the chastisement of physical pain, has an opportunity, and if he is wise takes advantage of it, of reviewing his progress in the few years that have passed since he launched out on the world on his own account, thinking over his prospects and what is to be his future conduct in life when he is able to be about again. Making allowance for the anguish and irritation of spirits which his enforced retirement from the world engenders, there are times, both by night and by day, when he gathers more wisdom in a few weeks of solitude and self-reflection than he would do in years of the fever and the fret of worldly concerns. He comes to understand, for example, that however important he may be to himself, he is but a small item in the stupendous sum of humanity. In London especially, I should fancy that it must strike a person of susceptibility in that manner. He is dimly conscious that the mighty roar of traffic, and the confused hum of voices, goes on without his agency, and he begins to find that, in a small focus, there are the elements of human passions and feelings which before he was unconscious of. He becomes less selfish because more dependent upon others, and because his mighty strength is weakened; he observes more because he thinks less in a groove—the groove of his own immediate interests, whether of love or ambition; and his imagination is brightened and strengthened by the conceits which pass through his brain during the progress of convalescence. Of course this desirable consummation is difficult to arrive at, but in most cases there comes a time in the tedium of a long illness when, in spite of the knowledge that you are in the way of recovery, you are able to shake off all speculation as to what you are to do when you take up the thread again. Your soul is satisfied with the commonplace surroundings dumbly to enjoy the state of transition in which you are placed. This is the true luxury of convalescence, and is as

necessary for the physical well-being of the sufferer as the medicaments of the *Æsculapius* or the careful tending of the nurse.

Laid up in lodgings, as I am at the present moment of writing, but with the delicious sense of convalescence upon me, I abandon myself, as I gaze into the bright sea-coal fire, to reminiscences of what I have passed through during the last three months. I am a victim partly of my own carelessness, but principally to the crowded condition of the London streets; one of the many hundreds—dare I say thousands—who have come to grief in the apparently simple attempt to pilot a way from one side of the street to the other. My wound was not as deep as a well or as wide as a church-door—a mere poke in the back from the shaft of a cart; sufficient, however, to work me a good deal of mischief and to make a stout stick a necessity of locomotion for many months to come.

The figure of the Titan on the top of the Pickford's van, who was the primary cause of the catastrophe, I can now see in the grate. He is seated on the gigantic vehicle among his bales and boxes; a counterfeit presentment in cinder, and with the same beery flush on his face as the original. But his eyeballs are more strained and have a fiercer glow. As I watch him turn to a yellower hue, with a lambent flame playing about his head, I fancy I detect a grin of triumphant malice on his face, and, unable to stand it any longer, I take up the poker and, with the gentlest push through the bottom bar, he is shivered to fiery atoms and descends into a burning pit dreadful to contemplate. Out of this pit there now rushes forth a whirring gush of gas: then crags and peaks, black as midnight, tumble into the gulf, there is a roaring sound up the chimney and so an end of the fellow. Now I give a hoarse chuckle of satisfaction which causes Dandy to growl fiercely for a moment and then blink lazily up in my face, playing at the same time a tattoo on the carpet with his tail. Quiet old fellow! and you shall sup on beef-tea and toast, for I shall have no more slops to-night, an' I know it.

My apartments are on the third floor of a lodging-house in that debateable London land which has ceased to be aristocratic, but which might lay claim to gentility were it not for caravanseries of the kind of which I am a tenant. It is also contiguous to a railway terminus, and pilgrims are constantly arriving and departing—they rarely remain long nor are their apartments empty for any length of time. I am a steady resident, but do not get so much consideration on that account from my landlady as one might naturally expect. She is, I have reason to believe, perpetually speculating upon the additional pecuniary advantages which might accrue to her if she were to give me notice to quit and trust to the birds of passage for the tenancy of my rooms. 'Tis a genteel house, however, and my place on the third floor could only be taken on an emergency by the patricians below who might want additional accommodation for a week or so.

If she could get a lodger willing from time to time to occupy the attics, Mrs. Pelican might be happy. As it is, and I say it without sorrow, her general felicity is greatly interfered with by the ever-recurring calculation whether it would not be better to give me notice and have my rooms for spare purposes. Much anguish has the unfortunate woman suffered in consequence of my persistent refusal to vacate for a week or so. I should not have had a chance with Mrs. Pelican, during my illness, if one of my friends had not engaged a personal attendant to be always with me—a kind of valet in fact—Barclay by name. He is what painters and psychologists might call a “Study.” The former would only envy him for grotesque purposes, and the latter from a Balzacian point of view. I fear, respect, and like him. The first day he showed himself in my sick-room convinced me that he was a man of genius in the particular line he had chalked out. Originally an usher in a school he came to London depending upon a tolerable education for the chances of a livelihood. His temper could not brook the insults of the boys of Rippendale Academy. He grew gaunt in a court off Fleet Street, tilting for a time at the daily papers with articles; then studied life at police courts, and finally made a small reputation as a reporter at inquests. But his soul was vexed at the verdicts of coroners: he had the true principles of a humanitarian, forgot himself before local dignitaries, and grew argumentative and antagonistic over dead bodies. And so his career in that line was put a stop to. Reduced to the simple chronicling of street accidents, and filled with strong indignation at the conduct of hospital students, who have poor mauled humanity to deal with in their sick-wards, he made the resolve to devote himself to a thorough attendance upon persons unfortunate enough to be run down in the streets and lucky enough (in his opinion) to escape from the hospitals. Explaining his views to my friend, occupied on a daily newspaper, the idea was thought good, and Barclay had a chance. I am his third patient. He is a tall young man of about thirty-five, dressed in black, clean-faced, with the exception of a red line across his upper lip. He is kindness itself, unimaginative, or my sickly fancies must have effected his brain long ago, and of doughty valour in dealing with landladies and their serfs.

* * * * *

Taking up my pen after an interval of two days, and about the same hour of the evening, with Dandy by my side, and my face to the fire, I begin to analyse those sick fancies, incomprehensible, distracting—almost maddening for the time but for the ministering care of Barclay. In the intervals of my physical pain, when I had been soothed with sedatives, I was terribly tortured by the *vivid realization* of things around me. At this time my faithful attendant slept in a camp bedstead by the side of the fire. On the dressing-

table opposite to me was a small lamp; above it an engraving of Letitia E. Landon,—most amiable of women. The combined influences of the lamp and the fire were to distort this charming lady's physiognomy to an expression almost fiendish. She seemed to approach me first with Syren smiles; then her face was convulsed to something approximating to the Furies as we have them in paintings. The very rustling of her fairy vesture, such as she wore at Cape Coast Castle (from which the portrait is dated), seemed to be real, and my morbid imagination conjured up all sorts of impossible circumstances which could impel her to assume such a spirit of unhealth. A little combative force on my part, and then by steadily gazing, the sweet smile returned to the face, and the picture to its proper place on the wall.

Now a drowsy sense of security. Bliss beyond compare, in which I can loll languidly on the pillow and laugh at the aberrations of the brain. I feel inclined for slumber, and visions of strange faces float before me. They are fearful, and shifting as phantasmagoria, but still they have no terror for me. I can afford to laugh at them, fortified as I am by the dose which I have taken before Barclay's retirement.

'Tis an absurd thing, argue I; but at this moment there starts out of the gloom of the surrounding furniture, within range of my eye, the distorted vision of a small bust of Mephistopheles: only a fancy ink-bottle which I bought in Vienna—a bronze monstrosity, unworthy of notice but for the fact that it sets my poor brain a-racking. And to what purpose? Unfortunately for me I am a student of German. I shut my eyes and try to find relief, but immediately I am tormented by German verbs and declensions. Goethe appears asking me to unravel in English the terrible tortuosity of his verse, and with reproachful eyes looks upon me as unworthy of his regard; and so vanishes. And now I am conscious of a loud laugh, as of a good riddance. With a strong effort I manage to turn the pillow so as to get a cool place for my head. Things seem more natural now. With a bold front I can lean on my elbow and look at my bronze Mephistopheles. There is an air of imperturbable gravity, so far as *diablerie* can permit it, on his face. But it is dangerous no longer. It does not approach me as if it derived some unseen influence beyond or in the recess of the wall. Once more I turn round and try to go to sleep. I wish I could get those German verbs out of my mind; yet by repeating them I may be able to sink into the unconsciousness so much to be desiderated. 'Tis impossible; there is no soothing influence, and from memory I try Latin—the anguish of Queen Dido when Eneas departs from the island, leaving her disconsolate. That will not do. The doctor said I was not to think. If this is not thinking with a vengeance I don't know what is. I defy the best scholar in the world to think

soothingly in Latin or Greek. Ha! an idea! Molière—"Le Medecin malgré lui"—I will laugh over Sagnarelle and his stupidities. A few ideas and then my brain gives way.

Exhaustion, but not the exhaustion of sleep. I am again in Paris. I live over that foolish time in the Quartier Latin. This bed is not in a London square; it is in the Hôtel Rollin, Boulevard St. Michel. Delicious thoughts of that time—"My life in Egypt, the dalliance and the wit, the flattery and the strife—" Pooh! is this a time, when my existence hangs by a thread, to dream of dalliance? My thoughts take another turn. I am still in Paris, and I commence to weep tears over the decadence of the empire. Confound the Teuton, with his enforced battalions of beer-drinking bucolics. Where in Germany have I met with the gay *abandon*, the chivalry, the graciousness of *ces enfants de la patrie*, who went into war with a light heart, and came out of it with no diminution of *espieglerie*? Of such are made the conquerors of the world. 'Tis not the people that can fight so much, but the people that can bear wounds and disaster and death, and almost ruin. *Vive la France!*

But here Barclay turns uneasily in his sleep. With a mighty effort I manage to raise myself on my pillow. It does not require a much greater effort to rouse myself altogether. He is laughing in his sleep—positively laughing, for I can hear the sounds almost reverberating on the walls. Mysterious man! *Homme incompris!* There is a dense stillness in the house. I gaze at my attendant with wonder-wounded eyes. He is a man who does not curl himself up in sleeping like ordinary Sybarites. He stretches himself out from finger to toe to the utmost extent, looks up to the ceiling, and that almost flame-coloured moustache of his lifts up like a lid, disclosing his teeth; a gurgling sound, not of animal, but of æsthetical enjoyment, comes from his throat, and he laughs loud. This is almost unbearable. There is no *raison d'être* for his mirth. I am about to wake him by throwing a medicine bottle at his head, when the lank arms stretch themselves out; he draws the bedclothes about him up to the breast, and with a gentle snort he is again asleep tranquilly.

It is now that I begin to be disturbed by the sounds of the house, or rather the want of sound. The last lodger has come home; the landlady, in the cavernous recesses below, has taken to her pallet; and I am alone with the mice and the blackbeetles. Innocent as they are to persons of strong nerve, to me, an invalid, they bring terrors indescribable. Not that they are personally present, but I imagine that they are invading the sanctity of my sick-room. I would give anything in the world to have the courage to ask Barclay to turn up the lamp a little, and sit with me. But I know what he has undergone during the paroxysms of my trouble, and now that I am convalescent, it behoves me to allow him his well-earned rest.

Still it is very solitary, and the pillows are so hot. How I long for the morning! The light of the lamp is almost unbearable, and the dull grey of dawn would be a positive relief, if only for variety's sake.

Hark! what sound is that? I sit up in bed, almost galvanised with terror. Pshaw! 'tis only the ticking of that huge horloge of Barclay's. Be still, my beating heart. I look at my own watch: ten minutes to two. I know that precisely at the hour Barclay will awake, and administer to me another dose of medicine. I will keep in a sitting posture, and watch him. No, I will creep under the bedclothes again. I cannot bear the intense solitude.

Bow! wow! wow!

With a start and a shiver I jump up. I have fallen asleep over the fire, Dandy is on his legs, and Barclay's hand is on my shoulder, firmly insisting that I shall go to bed. I have been dreaming over again my old symptoms of convalescence.

R. L. GENTLES.

INDEXES, LIBRARIES, AND CYCLOPÆDIAS.

WHY in the name of Probability is it that in Indexes to books, in Public Lending Libraries, and in Cyclopædias generally, you are so often unable to find or to obtain just what you want? This problem is a weariness unto the flesh for me; also a weariness unto the spirit. And it is not a new thing under the sun, for the children of men in general do utter the same complaints. How, oh how, is it that when I resort unto the library to which I have paid a good subscription, I so frequently fail to get the book I want? How is it that when I turn to the Index to the important book I am reading,—a “rolling miscellany of facts,” as Emerson says,—I so rarely find the clue I need? How is it that in the Cyclopædia for which I have paid a certain number of sovereigns, and which makes such inclusive pretensions, I am so often baffled in the search for this, that, or the other, clearly included within the programme of the work?

No doubt, human nature is imperfect. We have heard that before. There must be errors and omissions in cyclopædias. True—but which errors, and which omissions? There must be gaps in an Index, because people's minds differ in construction. True, but which gaps must there be? Again, all the subscribers to a Library cannot have the same book at the same time. Granted. But how is it that some subscribers are so often baffled in the attempt to obtain books (which are in the catalogues) that they might almost as well not belong to the Library at all?

First as to Indexes. An Index on the usual plan is the most stupid thing ever conceived by human or infra-human intelligence. Let us suppose your book is about philosophy. In the Contents, you will find Plato in his place, with the proper page subjoined. Very good. If there are, say, fifty pages devoted to Plato, comprising his life, his works, his system, and so on, you surely do not *need* an index of the general features of all this. If you are a fellow of sufficient brains to care to read about Plato at all, you have brains enough to be able to master the paging of the main topics approximatively,—so closely, in fact, that it would take you more time to turn to the Index for them than to run over the pages and pick them out empirically. These things may, for the sake of completeness of form, be included in an Index, but they are not what you go to one to trace out. Yet how stands this imaginary case? In the Table of Contents you find, perhaps, something like this: “PLATO: life, 300: writings, 310: system, 330.” Or you may only have “Plato, his life, writings, and

system, p. 300 to 350." Now, turning to the Index, you are treated to this edifying résumé:—"PLATO, his birth, 300; education, 302; his friendships, 306; his death, 309; his works:—the Phædo, 310; the Timæus, 311; the Gorgias, 313;" (etc. etc.) "his system, how to be discussed, 330; in what degree fixed, 334; in what sense Idealistic, 341; in what sense Realistic, 343;"—and so on.

Now of what earthly use can all this be? "Is thy servant a dog?" These matters belong to the essential logic of the work; therefore, I know not only that they will be there, but whereabouts I shall find them. Put them into your Index by all means; but what a searcher chiefly wants is a clue to the illustrative and otherwise incidental matters which do not belong to the essential logic of the subject and may therefore be anywhere. It was said that Plato's mother was a virgin; and that the god Apollo was his father. This I expect to find mentioned at his birth, so if I want to turn to it I do not need the index, supposing the Contents to give me the paging roughly. But if this legend should be referred to, incidentally, in a remote portion of your volume in connection with a similar legend about some other teacher, I should expect the Index to guide me to that. Again, a golden bee is said to have hovered over the lips of Plato when he was an infant. This also I naturally expect to find in its place at the beginning of his life, and I do not go to the Index for it; but if, in dealing with the Cynics of Greece, or Schopenhäuer of Germany, you happen to quote the Diogenes and Plato's carpet-anecdote, and Byron's reference to it—

" the Attic Bee
Was much consoled by his own repartee"—

then I do expect your Index to give me a clue to this, *e. g.*, "Attic Bee (Don Juan) p. 613." And so in a thousand cases. The same general and surely quite obvious principle applying in all of them—namely, that the mere light of nature will tell me where to find what belongs to the essential logic or proper order of your subject whereas your index should help my memory to incidental matters embedded in the general discussion. These incidental matters are often of the very utmost consequence for the purposes of criticism,—I do not mean "reviewing" in the usual sense, but forming judgments upon an author's opinions. *In eight cases out of ten it is a thinker's illustrations which help you to turn the torch full upon his stand-point and see where you and he differ, if at all.*

If it should be said that to introduce matters of this kind into an Index would make it very long, I answer, Not at all. I have proved by actual experiment that after boiling down the formal portions of an Index to their lowest terms, you have so much room left for indexing the incidental topics that the total length of the Index will often be less than that of one upon the usual inane plan, of "JONES, his birth, p. 10;

his life, 11, his labours, 12 ; his death, 13 ; his monument, 14 ; his character, 15."

There is another matter too often overlooked in the making of an Index ; namely, that a thing should often be indexed under more heads than one. Suppose the general topic is LAUGHTER, and Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. Bain, Sir Charles Bell, and Lavater are quoted upon it ; the Index should, under L, give us, Laughter, p. 150—172 (Spencer, Bain, Bell, Lavater) ;" while under S, we ought to have "Spencer, Mr. H., Laughter, p. 151 ;" under B "Bell, Sir C., Laughter, p. 160"—and so on. Suppose under the general head COLOUR, the Homeric "wine-faced sea" is quoted, we ought to have that referred to under C, H, W, and S—or something approaching that, each case being judged on its own merits.

If it should be said that this last is an obvious point, and is usually attended to in the making of an Index, I answer that it is certainly obvious enough, but that it is *not* usually attended to. There are exceptions ; some Indexes—*nonnulli*, shall we say—do the right thing ; but the majority only make a faint approximation, while a good number shirk the question altogether, and give only the usual jog-trot *apology* for an index.

I have refrained from quoting, as I could easily do, actual, instant examples of widely defective indexing ; and for this reason,—that I suppose the persons who usually make indexes are hardworked and underpaid men. But this is not the whole truth, for I once made, myself, a very careful and exhaustive index on the principles just laid down (as to essential and subsidiary or embedded topics) and the publisher declined to print it, saying reviewers would laugh at it. Here, then, as in every highway and byway of life, Routine stops the way. Let it be borne in mind that an Index is valuable in proportion to its power of including things not likely to be well remembered as in certain places, and not necessarily in proportion to its exhaustiveness as to the main topics. The indexes to Mr. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," "Hero-Worship," &c., &c., are, taken with the contents, exceedingly full ; but *I never once found them of the slightest use*. When I have wanted anything in Mr. Carlyle, I have had to find it on my own hook.

Lest it should be imagined that the writer of these lines so very often requires help from an Index that he is exacting in such matters, I may just state that the reverse is the fact,—I very seldom need an Index at all,—and *only* in the case of hasty reading of a book which is "a rolling miscellany of facts," or of some voluminous or exceptionally varied and discursive author.

Indexes of quotations come under the same *sort* of condemnation as other indexes. I have had much, very much, occasion to see them referred to ; have observed that they are seldom of any use ; and that one reason is the want of varied, excursive, and suggestive *sub-indexing*.

Remarking, as we pass on, that the Indexes to Blue-books are generally, if not always, models of comprehensive and suggestive indexing, let us turn to the Cyclopædias. Cyclopædias, as a rule, are much better than Indexes as a rule; but still they often floor me by their utterly unaccountable omissions and peculiarities. The plea of human imperfection does not avail here; at least it explains nothing. One could understand the omission of the name of an obscure island or a character belonging to some by-way of history—oversights must occur, and who wants to be hard upon them? One could also understand reticence or suppression in certain subjects, but then it must, to justify itself, be consistent. There are however, in most cyclopædias omissions which, coupled with the insertions, no human being can make sense of. Here, as in speaking of Indexes, I wish to be merely general, so I shall give no names. Within the last six months I had occasion to consult a cyclopædia upon a certain point as to which I fancied my memory needed refreshing. The first one that I turned to gave all the requisite information up to a certain point,—in fact it told me all that I was already quite clear about; but just where a sane person would have supposed that the pen of any other sane person *must* go on to add “the missing link,” the cyclopædist came to a dead stop—the single line, nay the single word I wanted he would in no wise vouchsafe, though how he could escape saying it seemed a miracle. I proceeded to turn over a number of other cyclopædias, under all manner of heads,—and in all I found the same omission. I also found something else, namely, a startling similarity in the phrasing of the articles in the different authorities; it was clear they had been copying from each other in the most slovenly manner (and I am perfectly aware that there must be a good deal of copying in these matters). All the cyclopædias I could get at, and they were many and included the best, stopped dead short at the very same point, and I had to rely upon my memory, which fortunately proved accurate. Now the point I wanted was one portion of a certain legend—I should really have thought an essential portion of it, one which nobody telling the story could possibly omit. No matter of opinion or sentiment was involved—it was bare matter of fact; nay, almost bare nomenclature. My doubt of my own memory rested upon this—that the form in which I remembered the thing involved an apparent breach of linguistic analogies; so that there was every reason for giving the precise fact. Yet, as I have stated, every cyclopædia stopped short at the very edge of it. Long after my need was over I lighted upon a small cyclopædia in which it struck me I might find the point in question properly put. As a matter of curiosity, I sought, and this time found! It was all a stupid omission on the part of the mass of authorities; the simple result of their copying from each other.

I could recall and put down, *currente calamo*, instances of the most

unaccountable anomalies in various cyclopædias. Why should there be a long, full article about QUATERNIONS, and a bare brief statement about the BINOMIAL THEOREM? Why should I be able to find the great German chieftain under HERRMANN, but not under ARMINIUS, the shape in which ninety-nine people out of a hundred recall his name? The dignity of the most learned man might surely have been satisfied by entering, "ARMINIUS, see HERRMANN." But the world is full of these haughty pedantries. I remember noticing, as I once turned over the Blue-book of a Commission on the British Museum, that when the Rev. G. E. Biber (*I think* that was the name) stated that he could not find Facciolati's Latin Dictionary in the Museum catalogue, Sir Antonio (then Mr.) Panizzi came up and pointed out that Facciolati was a mis-nomer. But what if it was? It ought still to have been in the catalogue as a land-mark. Let us dip again. I can find in a certain cyclopædia Ephebus, Phalanx, Helot, and a heap of such things; but, if I should happen not to know what Hetairæ were and should desire more information about them than Mr. Tennyson's "Lucretius" supplies, I should turn in vain to this cyclopædia—the word is not there in any place or shape whatever. Well, it strikes me that this omission is based on moral grounds—though a moral cyclopædia is rather a queer notion—and I instantly turn to some other words (—I am now reporting my actual procedure—) and to my amazement, I find full information about quasi-erotic religionists of various kinds. Pursuing the investigation, my curiosity being stimulated by the apparent absence of any guiding principle whatever in the matter of morality or delicacy, I turn hastily to such words as Marriage and Divorce. Here I at once find plain evidence that these subjects have been handed over to writers who have deliberately chosen to suppress facts which any reader is entitled to know. The wide and fundamental varieties in the laws relating to the dissolution of the conjugal contract, as they exist in America, Germany &c., are slurred over or suppressed, and thus any reader, supposing he has no special knowledge in such matters, is misled as to the facts in one of the most important branches of social inquiry. If he is a disciple of one school he may say, "Where the parties are free to dissolve the contract, I should expect from my knowledge of human nature, a low average of conjugal constancy." If he is a disciple of another school he will say, "From my knowledge of human nature I should expect the average of conjugal constancy to be still the same." But in any case he is entitled to the facts which might set him thinking, and a cyclopædia is not entitled to suppress them in deference to anybody's prejudices.

Let us dip again. I find, on turning over a certain cyclopædia, the fullest possible information about the Athanasian Creed and kindred topics, but when I look up the Quartodeciman controversy, Feuerbach, or Strauss, I find deliberate meagreness and suppression. And

putting this and that together, I have not the smallest hesitation in attributing both the suppressions and the tone of what is inserted to the peculiar bias of the writers of the articles.

It would be more convincing than entertaining if I were to push my illustrations as far as I could quite off-hand push them. But certain general conclusions lie upon the surface; one is that cyclopædias indulge far too much in the trick of saving time and labour by copying from each other. A second point is, that we are encountered here by that form of selfism and unconscientiousness which is exhibited by most parents and teachers in the training of the young; by most preachers, commentators, university professors, lecturers, and literary men—I mean that of suppressing facts for reasons of “edification.” But a Cyclopædia, unless some special statement puts the reader on his guard beforehand, enters into a contract with the reader to tell him all the available truth, as far as it can, upon a given topic; to suppress facts is to “water the treacle;” to colour facts is to “sand the sugar;” and to “go to prayers” afterwards is a mockery. The author of an article on a given social topic may have the deepest conviction that a particular practice is the only right one, but he is bound not to suppress the fact that a contrary or different practice is actually found to work. To do so upon any pretext whatever is to assume infallibility and to cheat the buyer of the book. The same, of course, with theological and all other matters. *Dii injuriæ Diis curæ.* Tell the truth, if you profess to do it, and leave the gods to avenge their own wrongs.

With regard to public libraries, we will not now consider the question of the right of their managers to withhold from circulation books of which they do not approve. I will simply observe that the general rule of expediency would seem to be that a public library may be supposed bound to keep in stock every book (not condemned by the law), for which a certain number of its subscribers make application. The number ought, in strictness, to be a matter of contract between the managers and the readers. As no public library could be compelled to supply books condemned by law, it is not necessary to push the question of putting in circulation books for which, though under a legal ban, there might be a conscientious demand. For instance, if there had been a Mudie’s in Prussia, when Gervinus issued that “Introduction” to his History which brought him under legal penalties, a high-minded Mudie might have been conceived as saying, “Do what you please to the Professor, I shall persist in circulating his book till you stop me by physical force.” But that sort of thing it is not necessary just now to consider.

The points which are in my mind lie lower down in the general question. Some of the public libraries in London have considerably improved of late in the character and sufficiency of their stock of books. But others have very much deteriorated, and there is in most

of them a strong tendency not only to prefer the interest of the lower class of the general reading public to those of the more cultivated and studious—which would be quite right—but to sink the interests of students altogether out of sight. I shall mention no names, and shall so frame my sentences that no particular case can be fixed upon by the mere general reader. But I know certain facts, either at first or at second hand, and they are—well, they are not what they ought to be. I know, for example, how many copies there are of certain standard books in a certain library; and I do not hesitate to say, that it is a ridiculously insufficient number, and that the interests of cultivated readers are sacrificed to the mere greed of subscriptions, the tastes of ordinary women, and, in a minor degree, the wants of the lower ranks of men of the press. These last should of course be attended to, and handsomely. When Mr. Carlyle gave evidence before the British Museum Commission, he complained of the degree to which the time of the attendants, the available space, &c., &c. at the (old) reading-room, were taken up in supplying the needs of those who came to compile “the stuff called useful knowledge.” (I have been informed by a gentleman who was present that the word actually employed by Mr. Carlyle was “trash,” and that this was by him softened to “stuff” afterwards.) Mr. Panizzi very properly rebuked the rather autocratic tone of Mr. Carlyle upon this and some kindred matters; maintaining that he was as much bound to submit to the rules of the reading-room as the humblest purveyor of “stuff.” But to return from this digression,—it could not be desirable that a public library should consult the wishes of students of rare, old books, recent novels, and purveyors of “stuff,” to the point of almost extinguishing those of that large class of students who stand between the antiquarian readers and the mere readers of periodicals and consulters of manuals.

It has seemed to me, in connection with more libraries than one, that there are decided cases of favouritism in the distribution of the books. The reasons on which this suspicion is founded I shall not mention; but I am morally certain it is a just one. Once upon a time I remember persistently inquiring for months after divers books all bearing upon the same class of topics, and not at all likely to be demanded by many readers in succession. I could not get any of them for ever so long. But after between four and five months, I got the whole batch one day, all in a rush, and the whole batch bore traces in slips of paper and slight pencil-marks of having been manipulated by one person.

I have more than once been told at libraries that certain books were “not in” when I have seen them on the shelves at the very time of my inquiring for them. This has happened repeatedly.

There are certain classes of standard books—current, but of permanent interest, and addressed, often, even more to posterity

than to the living public,—of which every good lending library should possess a fair stock. But there are libraries—appealing to the studious classes—at which you will have great difficulty in getting such books *at all*; and you will find if, after an interval, you succeed in obtaining a given book of this kind more than once, you get the same copy over and over again.

There are standard modern books,—books for cultivated readers,—which I have applied for year after year, year after year, at libraries, without getting them. I could make out a black list of standard works, which in all my life I have *never* succeeded in getting from libraries which had them in their catalogues.

Again, it seems to be a rule even with libraries of the highest pretension, never to go beyond the first edition of a book of any mark. This is absurd; yet I feel quite safe in saying that there is not a single subscription library in London, at which you could obtain the third edition of Mill on Hamilton, or either of the later editions of the “Eclipse of Faith.” Now books of this kind, which provoke controversy, are almost always added to in fresh editions, and often much altered. The editions and alterations in the two books I have happened to mention—they are only two instances out of many—are of so momentous a kind that it is simply ridiculous to put you off with first editions when you ask for them. Besides, a library of any pretension is supposed to be a record of literary history; and what sort of history of the recent Mill-Hamilton controversy is that which omits Mr. Mill's replies to Mr. Mansel or Mr. Rogers's to Mr. F. W. Newman? Supposing a given library contains four copies of Mill on Hamilton, first edition, surely it would not be a stretch of liberality in the interest of poor *students* if the librarian, or the managers, or the committee, or somebody were to sell three of the old copies, with, perhaps, some copies of the year before last's lighter literature, and buy one copy of the later edition of Mill on Hamilton. This is, of course, only an illustration—I could, I repeat, make out a very *very* black list in this matter. And how to account for one's not getting, after trying for years, an old Latin pamphlet (say), which scarcely any one is likely to want, I don't know. The attendants at all the libraries I have ever known have been kind, attentive, and intelligent. But is it not possible they may be a little underpaid and a little overworked, so that they may now and then be tempted to shirk a little of their duty? And, if there is no other way of meeting the facts (supposing them to be so), might not subscribers join in making up a Christmas purse for the attendants, as I think is usually done by the clients of a bank for the clerks? Mr. Carlyle, before that Commission, went very kindly out of his way to remark that he thought the Museum attendants looked rather a poor class of men, and that perhaps they ought to be paid a little more.

By one of those odd coincidences which are so familiar to us all in

our daily experience, I just now wanted a passage in Mr. Carlyle's writings which I could recall only by its quoting the Duke of Weimar as often bidding his friends be of courage. It may illustrate what I have said of the comparative uselessness even of the most elaborate indexes (unless certain principles are attended to) to add that nowhere could I find any clue to this passage. It ought to have been under W and under C, but was probably thought too unimportant to require indexing at all. The passage is in "Hero-Worship," p. 367 of the 1858 edition.

I ought not to conclude without saying what is, in my opinion, the root of the evil in Cyclopædias. It is High-and-Dryism. This acts in two ways. In the first place, as to one class of omissions, the editor may be a man of much learning, and yet utterly wanting in literary nimbleness. There is often a vein of thick-headedness in the most able men (*e. g.*, Gibbon, Hallam, Ewald, Niebuhr), and a bright-witted man like Hazlitt, if he could be made to act as assessor to the editorial great gun, would be very useful in preventing omissions and suggestions, topics and sub-references. In the second place, a Cyclopædia is got up mainly by the use of experts under editorial guidance. Many experts are mere specialists, and in matters of theology, metaphysics, medicine, &c., &c., cannot be trusted to go alone. They will not only suppress and omit, they *will* take sides in ways which are alien to the proper conception of a Cyclopædia. A Cyclopædia which gave you the views of the late Lord Strangford or Mr. E. A. Freeman on the origin of the English, and suppressed or *slurred over* those of Mr. Luke Owen Pike and Mr. G. W. Cox, would be breaking an implicit bargain with the reader. But this form of breach of contract I see no way of preventing, since we cannot give people better consciences than they have by nature; and editors are much in the hands of their contributors. But a literary assessor like Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt *might* do something to see all fair. I was once talking to the editor of a periodical, who was going to send a philosophical book to a certain Mr. Quidam for review. "Good heavens!" said I, "don't you know he'll cut it up, without reading it?" "But," was the editor's answer, "he is our philosophical contributor—he does things of that sort." "Well, but don't you know," I went on to say, "that Mr. Quidam belongs to a totally opposite school of philosophy? Do you mean your periodical openly to take that side?" "No, certainly," said this editor; "but Quidam is our man, and he'll do it all right. He understands subjects of that sort." And to Quidam the book went, I have no doubt. Certain managers of Cyclopædias have made efforts in the right direction by getting more than one writer to deal with a certain topic here and there; and the effort is an honourable one; but I know of no cyclopædia in which there is not a great deal of palpable bias, and none in which High-and-Dryism has not done much to lower the value of the work.

A. HUNTER.

TOUCHING THE OYSTER.

AN answer to the oft-repeated question why Oysters during these latter years have become scarce and dear is not very far to seek. Oysters are of course dear because they are scarce, and they are scarce in consequence of the natural stocks having been largely, and in many instances wholly, exhausted, whilst the artificial layings are not equal to supply the ever-increasing demands of the public. It is useless to reply that the Oyster is very *fecund*, producing annual hundreds of thousands, or as some naturalists say, millions of young ones, and that unless morbid influences are at work, we ought to obtain a never-failing as well as cheap supply of this favourite edible. Indeed, no quantity that could be brought to market would satisfy the public appetite, which, disregarding the difficulties of supply, seems to grow with what it feeds on ; for, although good oysters in the popular shell-fish shops of the great Metropolis and other cities cannot be obtained under three shillings a dozen, the cry is still for more ! The railways have equalized the supplies by carrying the toothsome dainty from the sea-board into far inland districts where people who have never, during a long life-time, seen the sea, are enabled to judge of the costly nature of the treasures of the deep from the price they require to pay for shell and other fish.

Happily no morbid influences are at work against the Oyster, and the scarcity can readily be ascribed to the proper cause. It is a blunder to imagine that because an animal yields its young in millions, and the cod fish certainly does so, it cannot be exhausted or even exterminated. But a few years ago, and a salmon famine was imminent, indeed we were only saved from that calamity by wise legislation. Our haddocks, too, are becoming scarcer year by year, and it has been ably argued by more than one writer that some of our great herring shoals are now being exhausted, or their economy so disturbed as to render them less productive. In time, it is thought, the vast cod-banks of Newfoundland will become tenantless, so great is the yearly drain upon them. Even whales are less plentiful than they were forty years ago both in the extensive seas of the Southern Hemisphere and in the colder regions of Greenland. All our misfortunes in the way of diminishing fish supplies, and especially as regards the Oyster, may be traced to mal-economy and greed. The productive natural oyster beds of Ireland have one after another been depopulated. Why ? Because, to use a French phrase, they have been "dredged to death." The fine Tralee scalps and the

prolific Carlingford beds were year after year so run upon and the breeding economy of the animal so deranged, just from sheer greed of the ready money that could be obtained, that, in time, they became unproductive. So much has this been the case generally, as well as in particular instances, that Irish oyster-beds which used to produce a revenue of seven thousand pounds a year do not now yield as many shillings. All the natural oyster-beds of France were years ago exhausted seriatim by over-fishing. Even at Arcachon, where dear-bought wisdom now reigns supreme, the dredgers at one time killed the goose for the sake of the golden egg.

We are being well taught at last, that, however productive any given animal may be, it is quite possible to exterminate it. The once productive oyster-scalps of the Frith of Forth, near Edinburgh, may be cited as a striking example of the evil of over-fishing. In the Modern Athens which, "sixty years since," was a city famous for its Oyster taverns and for the celebrity of the men (and women) who frequented them, oysters could, once upon a time—and that not so long ago—be bought at the rate of a shilling per long hundred, which, we may explain to the uninitiated, means one hundred and twenty. Now, these molluscs are sold to wholesale buyers direct from the boat at about the rate of one shilling per dozen! Five pounds for a thousand Frith of Forth oysters has been paid over and over again by dealers who had to obtain a remunerative profit after paying that price. Oysters in Edinburgh were at one time what may be termed a drug in the market, so the fishermen of New-haven (the oyster-port of Edinburgh) who rented the extensive natural scalps of the Frith of Forth from the Corporation and from the Duke of Buccleuch, at a mere nominal figure, took to selling seedling oysters to persons who had arranged to transplant them to the feeding-beds of the Continent. These sales, as might be anticipated, together with the increasing facilities of transport to populous inland towns, soon began to operate on the scale of prices, and the Oyster, once so plentiful in Edinburgh, speedily became as dear and as scarce in that city as it had become elsewhere; and a round of similar facts could be related of other natural oyster-beds. Even at this moment it is alleged by economists that the extensive scalps which give additional wealth to some parts of America are being over-dredged, and that in time they will become, as other natural beds have become, totally unproductive, great as the yield of recent years has been.

The remedy which has been suggested for the re-habilitation of oyster-beds and the reduction of price is "cultivation." Oyster-culture and fish-culture have been much indulged in (especially in theory and as regards controversy) during the last seven years, and a large number of oyster-cultivating companies have been projected with more or less—we suspect in the majority of cases with *less*—

success. It is a fact, however, that even in remote times both oyster culture and fish culture were resorted to, and very probably from the same causes which have led to that method of increasing supplies during the last ten or twelve years; namely, the fact of the natural supplies being insufficient to meet the current demand. One lover of the mollusk in the ancient days to which we refer, used to eat such enormous quantities that he himself would in time have exhausted the most productive scalps; his name was Vitellius, and he did not stand alone as an oyster eater. We have read of an oyster pâté served to some of the *gourmets* of ancient Rome which required the juice of five thousand Lucrine natives to flavour it, and was filled and pasted over with layers of British oysters besides.

The present cry of "cultivation" as the only remedy for our decreasing supplies and our increasing demand, has been greatly assisted by certain facts connected with the natural history of the oyster, as observed both at home and abroad, which may be briefly adverted to.

There has been with regard to the Oyster, as there has been in regard to many other inhabitants of the sea (notably salmon, white-bait, and herring), a vast amount of controversy, and it is perhaps superfluous to say that no two of the disputants agree on almost any one of the details of oyster birth, or oyster growth, or of the laws which regulate the issue and fall of the *spat*; yet it is on the proper vivifying and favourable fall of the *spat*, that the prosperity of oyster growth solely depends. It is worthy of notice that some naturalists say the oyster is a double animal, or rather that both sexes are shut up in the one shell, whilst other students of the mollusca are equally positive that the separate sexes exist in separate shells, and are as distinctly defined as the herring or the salmon. In writing of the natural history of the Oyster it is desirable not to be dogmatic, as we have so much yet to learn regarding its powers of reproduction and its ways of life. The various statements (many of them very fanciful) which have been made as to the enormous reproductive powers of oysters and other sea animals must be taken *cum grano salis*, because, no matter how prolific any given animal may be in reproducing its kind, it avails nothing, if its produce are never brought to market as table commodities.

The Oyster repeats the story of its birth by means of what is called a *spat*, and it has been asserted that a single oyster yields two millions of young ones, an assertion that may be set down as a figure of speech. There cannot however, be a doubt of the oyster being highly reproductive, and it ought in common with its congeners; to be so, as countless thousands of its progeny never come to maturity—indeed never obtain a chance of getting leave to grow. If the newly-born oyster does not speedily find a coign of vantage in the shape of a proper anchorage, it becomes lost to the public as a future

comestible, for it is an essential feature of oyster existence and oyster growth that the *spat*, almost immediately after being exuded from the parent shell, should fall on a rocky or a shelly bottom—at all events not on a mud bed, which would at once smother the embryo mollusc. A rocky stone-spread soil is the paradise of oyster growers; they are well aware that it contains the chief conditions of oyster growth in great abundance, and it is a knowledge of this fact that has so much aided the various plans of artificial cultivation entered upon in France and England.

For a few years back the fall of *spat* on many of the English oyster beds has been very intermittent. In some seasons there is a great but partial fall, and then for a year or two none can be observed. This irregularity is set down to the influence of the weather; heat being held by some naturalists as essential to the productive power of the animal. It may be explained, however, that the weather only influences the destination of the *spat*, the animal certainly exudes its young annually, and cases are known, as at Arcachon, where a large *spat* has been deposited during a most ungenial season. It is not difficult to imagine that a prolific *spat*, emitted on some very bad day, the waves over the beds being agitated by a high wind, may be carried far away from the place where it was expected to fall, and then may be deposited by influences against which it is powerless to struggle on such an improper resting-place as will prevent its coming to maturity. The newspapers are constantly reporting the discovery of new oyster scalps, and these must have been formed by quantities of *spat* wafted to various spots by the winds and the waves, which, having fallen on a proper bottom, have in time become marketable oysters. There is an extensive natural oyster-ground in one of the Scottish Friths, which, having the advantage of an island at its mouth, prevents a large portion of the *spat* from being carried out to the German Ocean, and on the inside of the said island, large quantities of young oysters may always be obtained. *Spat* too has often been found in foreign oyster parcs, which the oysters in these parcs were too young to have exuded. Where then did it come from? The answer is obvious; it had been carried there by the waves of the sea from other oyster beds.

The Oyster does not grow so rapidly as has been popularly supposed. It may be given at least four years to arrive at the reproductive point. As an index to its growth, it has been estimated that while in the *spat* stage a bushel measure would contain about twenty-five thousand infantile natives: in the second year, when young oysters are denominated *brood*, a bushel would hold a fifth part of that quantity, whilst in the third year the measure would be about two thousand: oysters are then called *ware*. In the fourth year, when the seedling has developed into the full grown "native,"

a bushel has been estimated to hold from twelve to sixteen thousand oysters. Some very "fascinating" details of the immense profit derived from oyster culture have been long in print, and are being constantly quoted to show that the cultivation of these molluscs is a sort of royal road to wealth, which may be travelled at the leisure and pleasure of any speculator, but such statements only do harm, as there is no way of making money by oyster-growing without an expenditure of more or less capital, a suffering of much anxiety, and a large and constant risk of failure.

One of the best-conducted Oyster industries in this country, is that of the Whitstable Company; it is an association of co-operators, and has, on the whole, been very profitable. The proprietors of the Whitstable beds are all as a rule "well-to-do" men, and derive something like a hundred pounds a year for a few hours' daily work. They also carry on business as general fishermen, officiate as pilots, or perform such other work as they can find to do. "Work" is the motto of the Whitstable dredgers; nothing in the shape of successful oyster-culture, they maintain, can be done without constant and careful work. Some men fancy, that in order to form an artificial oyster-bed, nothing more is necessary than to find a spot of water and heave in, or scatter over its bottom, a few hundred thousand oysters, and let them settle down till they become reproductive. Of course, under such circumstances, oysters, so laid down, never do become reproductive; on the contrary, they either become smothered by attracting a run of mud upon them, or they are eaten up by a host of enemies too numerous to individualise. The free dredgers of Whitstable have not brought their Association to its present pitch of prosperity by any such hap-hazard methods; on the contrary, they sedulously, day by day, go over every portion of their farm—and their grounds are so laid out that they may, without impropriety, be likened to a farm, spaces being devoted to particular growths—working the beds, taking out the dead from among the living, taking away the unhealthy from the healthy, separating masses that have clung together, and doing other useful and essential work. The company possess a large and valuable stock of oysters, and they have so arranged the economy of cultivation and sale, as never to part with a single mollusc till it will bring the highest price that can possibly be obtained for it; and as everybody knows, the Whitstable native invariably commands the highest figure in the market. The Whitstable dredgers never sell any of their brood, indeed they never can get enough for themselves, although a great many members of the company gather *ware* in the adjacent public grounds, which they sell to the corporation, and so add extra money to their regular earnings. In the course of each year every portion of the extensive Whitstable beds is examined, for the purpose of obtaining a knowledge of their stock, and great care

is taken that no more oysters are lifted for the daily market than are certain to be required ; indeed, during recent years, they have not had enough to supply the demand of the London and foreign buyers. Had the great natural oyster-beds of the Frith of Forth been tended and worked like the layings of Whitstable, they would have been at this date the most productive in Europe.

Crossing the channel to France it will be found that oyster-culture has become "a passion" with our mercurial neighbours, and they would indeed require to be most industrious, because Paris alone could consume every mollusc grown on the foreshores of France. Much information has been disseminated from time to time about Continental oyster-culture, and a flood of rather rose-coloured statistics has been circulated on the subject, which, however, must be received with caution. The French, indeed, beat us in the regulation of such industries, and particularly in the collection and tabulation of the statistics appertaining to the catch of fish, oysters, and other sea edibles. Two places in France have been often pointed to as marvels of oyster-culture industry—the basin of Arcachon and the foreshores of the *Île de Ré*. As has been already mentioned, the Arcachon oyster grounds were originally the seat of valuable natural scalps, which being over-dredged, became barren, and have only been resuscitated by means of artificial cultivation, under the auspices of Professor Coste, who began operations in 1859. His experiments, being under the auspices of the French Government, were conducted scientifically and systematically ; and whilst concessions of breeding-ground were given in spaces of eight acres to private persons, government reserved a space on which to lay down a *parc* expressly to try all the different modes of collecting spat which might be, from time to time, suggested by scientific men, rightly considering that the collecting of the spat, as it rose from the scalps, or fell upon the beds, was the very key to open the door of future prosperity. The spat is mostly collected at Arcachon by means of earthenware tiles laid down in rows and kept from resting on the mud by means of wooden beams ; these answer the purpose very well indeed, as they can be easily removed from time to time, and in winter the tiles and the oyster progeny attached can be placed in deeper water, so as to protect them from the effects of frost. In good spatting years, that is, in those years in which the spat has been largely caught, these tiles have been so crowded with infantile oysters, that hundreds of them had to be picked off so that those remaining might have leave and room to grow. Many curious experiments have been tried in the way of spat-collecting on the flat islands which stud the basin of Arcachon ; wooden erections, "chests of drawers" in short, were at one time set down in great plenty, but they were unsuccessful ; boughs of trees and pyramids of stones were also experimented with ; nothing, however, succeeded

so well as the ruches of tiles. The natural beds have been considerably re-peopled during late years, because there has always been more or less of an annual *spat* at Arcachon—and the brood oysters are shut off from the dredger in given portions for a certain period in each year. On the artificial beds the *spat* at Arcachon has been very intermittent, in some years it has been very good, in others very bad; this may in part be explained by the fact that the natural beds are in most cases always covered by the sea, whilst the artificial beds are generally confined to the ebb-dry grounds of the foreshores.

The oysters bred at Arcachon are not fattened there, but are sold at an early stage of their career and transported to *claires*, or fattening parcs, at Marennes, whither we may follow them. It is at Marennes that the celebrated green oysters, so greatly relished by French epicures, are brought to perfection. Great care is bestowed on the preparation of these for the market, and the process has been carried on for two or three centuries, being handed down from generation to generation. Much nicety is observed in the various changes to which these oysters are subjected in the process of fattening and "greening." The pits in which they are placed are not of any particular size, but vary from ten to sixty yards in length and breadth, and their average depth may be set down at twelve inches, with runlets of double that depth in some portion of the pit, in order to equalise the temperature, and to carry away the water when it is desirable, as it sometimes is, to dry up the pits. A fact has been established in connection with the fattening pits of Marennes, that is applicable generally to the economy of fish life, namely, that the fewer oysters there are in a pit, the more rapidly do they fatten, as of course the supply of food to each is much greater when there are few than when there are many—the same as in a salmon river. The largest conceivable space of water, the Severn or the Tay, will only feed a given number of fish; if the water be too populous, the fish become lean and flavourless, whilst if the number have living and feeding room, they will be individually fat and of excellent flavour. Twelve hundred oysters to each pit is about the rule at Marennes, and it is said that a pitful can be greened and fattened in about twenty days; that would require to be so, as otherwise the industry would not pay. The green colour is produced by a vegetable matter which grows in the pits of Marennes during the three months of autumn; the green is not in any sense, therefore, a mineral production. In this country there is a strong prejudice against green oysters, otherwise they can be produced in some of the Essex beds of most excellent flavour and quality; but the few which are greened there are exported to Belgium. The pits at Marennes are very profitable, because the oyster-fatteners buy at four shillings a hundred, and sell at double that price. A feature of the oyster-work of France is, that it is

very generally in the hands of females, leaving the sterner sex at liberty for other employment.

A description of oyster-culture as conducted in France would be incomplete without a brief account of what has been achieved on the foreshores of the *Île de Ré*, where about five hundred acres of ground have been devoted to breeding paces, which were originally all stocked from wandering spat, washed in by friendly waves from some natural scalp. Exaggerated reports of what had been achieved by the oyster farmers on the foreshores of the *Île* have been circulated; but it is questionable if in any one year the produce of the whole of the concessions,—and more than four thousand grants have been made,—has ever reached five thousand pounds, the reason being the improvidence of those interested, who sell their produce the moment it is marketable, leaving none for reproductive purposes—just the same as if a cattle breeder was to sell or kill all his cattle when they were calves, or all his sheep whilst they were lambs, or cut his corn whilst it was in the green leaf. At *Cancale* this idea has been well exemplified. About a quarter of a century ago the oyster scalps of that place were wonderfully productive, as many as seventy millions of oysters having been gathered during one year! It is needless to say that such a feat was never repeated; the reputation for productiveness of the natural oyster-beds of *Cancale* attracted dredgers from all parts of France, and they very speedily so exhausted the scalps as to reduce the yield to one million oysters per annum.

In America the oyster is an institution of great importance. On the sea-board of that vast continent they are found in natural beds of wonderful extent, and are distributed by means of railway and steamboat throughout the cities and villages of even the far inland districts. Numerous as are the shell-fish shops of London, they are but as one in ten when compared with the oyster houses of New York, in which city oyster-eating appears to be almost the sole business of life, so many people are to be found indulging in that pleasure. The custom in America is to have the oysters cooked, and this culinary process is accomplished in a variety of ways; the mollusc being stewed, fried, or roasted, according to taste; they may be had cooked in about twenty different ways in any of the well-known oyster taverns of New York at a few minutes' notice. The great market for oysters in America is the City of Baltimore, in Maryland, where it is not uncommon for one or two firms to "can" a million bushels in one year! Immense numbers of these "canned" oysters are dispatched all over the States, to the prairies of the far west, to the cities of New Mexico, to the military forts of the great American desert, to the restaurants of Honolulu, and to the miners searching for gold on the Rocky Mountains; whilst fresh oysters packed in ice have been sent to great distances. In the oyster-fisheries of Maryland as many as six hundred vessels of about twenty-three tons each are engaged, in addition to

two thousand small boats or canoes. These employ about seven thousand men, and if we add those engaged in the carrying trade, it would give the number of persons employed in the oyster-trade of the State of Maryland as at least ten thousand, all obtaining remunerative employment.

A great amount of the miscellaneous information regarding oyster-growth and oyster-commerce, which has been circulated during the last five years, is not of a reliable nature ; but many of the circumstances attendant on artificial culture are interesting, and have been proved to be correct, although they seem contradictory : as, for instance, that oysters if spawned on a muddy bottom are lost, although the same muddy bottom is highly suitable for the feeding stages of the mollusk. It is also remarkable that breeding oysters do not fatten, and that fat oysters yield no *spat*. There has been some controversy as to whether transplanted oysters will breed ; opinions differ, and it is on record that such a remarkable spat once fell on the Whitstable grounds as to provide a stock for eleven years, including, of course, what was gathered towards the end of that period. A close time for oysters is a law of the land ; but for all that we might have—indeed, we have now—oysters all the year round, because all oysters do not sicken or *spat* at the same period ; in fact the economy of fish growth is not yet understood either by naturalists or fishermen ; as an instance of mal-economy we have salmon rivers closed at the very time they ought to be open, some rivers being remarkable for early spawning fish, whilst others are equally so for the tardiness with which their scaly inhabitants repeat the story of their birth. In time, when we understand better how to manage our fisheries, the supplies of all kinds of round and shell fish will, doubtless, be better regulated than at present : one day we have the market glutted with some particular kind,—next day there is a famine.

Various rather successful attempts have of late years been made in oyster culture in this country ; but if the public ever expect to obtain a more plentiful supply either of home or foreign oysters, these attempts will have to be greatly extended, and that they can be largely extended is certain. It can only be by careful nursing of the brood, and the adoption of some good method of securing the spat, that we can ever hope to keep up our oyster supplies.

J. G. BERTRAM.

THE AUDIENCE QUESTION IN CHINA.

"THERE is but one Sun, and there is but one Emperor," was the haughty answer returned by the Chinese Commissioners to the claim preferred by Lord Amherst that the King of England should be treated as an equal by the Emperor Kea-king. This reply, though made fifty-seven years ago, exactly embodies the belief of ninety-nine Chinamen out of every hundred at the present day. It is an article of faith in which they have been carefully educated, and, with all the obstinacy of their character, they cling to it even after glimmerings of more extended knowledge have reached them. If we take up a native map of the world, we find that China occupies a central position, and covers almost the entire sheet. The little kingdoms which serve as a fringe to the one Empire are either marked as tributary, or as being too insignificant to be made tributary. If we read the legend inscribed on the part devoted to China, we find it, being interpreted, to mean the Middle Kingdom, or the Whole World, and the remaining portions are jotted down contemptuously, and with an ignorance which would be laughable were not its consequences disastrous, as the territories of the barbarians of the north, south, east, and west, or in terms equally vague.

Not unnaturally, this strange geographical fiction is reflected in the inflated pretensions to superiority set forth on behalf of the ruler of the Middle Kingdom. Like the ancient Egyptian kings, the Mikados of Japan, and other semi-civilised potentates, he claims to be more than human. He calls himself, and is universally known as, the "Son of Heaven," or else he is spoken of as the "Imperial Ruler," the "Solitary man," the "Supreme," or the "Solitary Prince." Consistently with this assumption of divinity, every action of his life assumes a religious character, and is strictly regulated in accordance with the canons laid down for his conduct from time immemorial. No priest intervenes between himself and Shang-te, the one being he worships. He is priest as well as king, and he himself performs the rites at which he is the only worshipper. An imperial decree recently published announces that the present emperor offered his first public sacrifice at the Altar of Heaven in December last. From the same authority we learn that his chariot was drawn through the palace gates by white-buttoned mandarins, and, if we follow the cortège by the light of the "Rituals," we shall see that the Royal Priest passed the night in the "Hall of Fasting" within the grounds of the Temple of Heaven. Before dawn the next morning,

he arrayed himself in his sacrificial robes and walked to the second of the three circular terraces which form the altar. Here he knelt, and at the same moment the fire was lit in the furnace wherein was offered a bullock for a whole burnt-offering. He then went up to the upper terrace and there prostrated himself nine times and knelt thrice before the tablet of Shang-te. While the emperor yet knelt, a prayer was read, after which he again prostrated himself, and the musicians played and danced. At other stated periods of the year, he will bow down before Shang-te alone, though surrounded with an immense retinue, and though amid a crowd of prostrate courtiers, the only worshipper.

Descending into the minute details of his daily life, we find the same religious atmosphere surrounding him. His very meals take the form of acts of worship, and even the number and the frequency of the visits of the ladies of his harem are regulated by the symbolical numeration which forms the groundwork of Chinese philosophy. From his subjects he receives all the outward tokens of the deepest reverence. At his levees, which are generally held at five o'clock in the morning, his suite kneel before him and the officials who seek audiences prefer their requests on their knees. On a certain day of each year, the officials in every provincial city prostrate themselves before the imperial tablets, and on all occasions every symbol of the imperial power receives similar honours. The ceremonies surrounding the promulgation of decrees are marked by all the servile etiquette which is shown to the emperor in person, and are thus described in an account of Peking by Rev. J. Edkins: "The cabinet secretaries bring the decree to the inner palace gate and it is then taken to the Hall of Great Harmony (Tai-ho-tien), where it is placed on the east table. When the edict is there, it is supposed to be the same thing as if the emperor were there; and the mandarins perform the nine knockings of the head accordingly. After this ceremony, the chief Cabinet Secretary enters the hall and takes the edict from the table; he carries it to the front of the temple under the eaves, and gives it to the President of the Board of Ceremonies, who receives it kneeling; and, after a moment, rising, takes it down the steps to the pavement below, where he places it on a table and knocks head to it three times. He then takes it again, rises, and carries it to the lower pavement on the south, where he places it on the lacquered tray. Officers of the Board of Ceremonies here take the tray, extend over it the yellow canopy and carry it out of the Tai-ho gate; all the mandarins follow by the side gates, till the edict and the accompanying crowd of officers arrive on the outside of the Purple forbidden City. Here the edict, in its tray, is placed in the 'Dragon Sedan.' Bearers from the marshaller's office carry it, with a long row of stick, flag, and umbrella-bearers in front, led by the President of the Board of Ceremonies, to the Gate of Celestial Rest, the south gate of the

Imperial City. Here it is carried up the wall and placed upon a table upon the dais there provided for the public reading of edicts. The officers stand south of the bridge in front of the gate, and kneel while the edict is read ; after which they perform in full the ceremony of knocking the head on the ground. Then the edict is replaced in the 'Dragon Sedan,' and is borne by the bearers of the marshal's office, preceded by the usual array of staves, flags, and canopies, with music playing outside the Ta-tsing-men, to the office of the Board of Ceremonies, where it is received by the Presidents and Vice-presidents kneeling ; and, after being placed on a table, it is again honoured with the nine-times repeated prostration. It is then reverentially cut on wood, and promulgated through the empire."

If we would estimate rightly the difficulties which lie in the way of the settlement of the much-vexed Audience Question at Peking, we must reflect on the various ceremonies described above and bear in mind the meaning they embody. We must recollect that the belief which invests the emperor with superhuman attributes "embalms the wisdom and reflects the sagacity" of forty centuries of Chinese statecraft ; that in all his dealings with oriental kingdoms this assumption has never been disputed ; that he is surrounded by those whose business and interest it is to foster these pretensions ; and further that, partly through ignorance, and partly through fear of loss, the first ambassadors from Europe did acknowledge fealty to him by performing the *Kotow*—that is to say, by prostrating themselves thrice, and knocking their heads on the ground nine times—on being admitted into his presence. On the same terms the foreign ministers at Peking would now find ready admittance to the Audience chamber, but by so doing they would forfeit for ever the right of dealing with the government on terms of equality, and would reduce us again to the level on which the old East India Company stood when Canton was the only port open to trade, and when the "Petitions" of the Company's officers were respectfully deposited outside the city gate to await the good pleasure of the Chinese governor.

The one object of the emperor's governments in their dealings with foreign ambassadors, has been to treat them as envoys from inferior and tributary states. This line of conduct, in cases where the envoys have been weak enough to submit to it, has been found to answer two purposes : it fosters the national vanity, and it serves to place the government at once in a favourable position with regard to all future questions arising from the pretensions or claims of the countries concerned. The various fates of the embassies from Europe which have visited Peking curiously illustrate this, and furnish abundant example of the wisdom of dealing firmly and honestly with the Chinese, and of the utter folly of expecting to gain any concession from them by adopting an opposite line of conduct.

In the year 1655 the Dutch East India Company deemed it advisable to send an envoy to Peking, to negotiate terms for the establishment of trade between the two countries. Accordingly Messrs. De Goyer and De Keyzer, accompanied by a staff, having obtained leave from the Canton authorities, proceeded to the capital. There they were received with civility, and a day was fixed for their reception by the emperor. On the afternoon preceding that appointed for the audience, the envoys were taken from their hotel to the court of the emperor's palace, where they found assembled the members of the embassies from the Great Mogul and the Grand Lama of Thibet. In company with these gentlemen the Dutch envoys and their suite were compelled to pass the night on the bare stones of the open courtyard. Fortunately the weather was warm, and as the morning dawned the Dutchmen amused themselves by watching the preparations which were being made for the emperor's reception. The courtyard, at the end of which rose the throne on a raised and covered dais, was about 400 feet square, and was surrounded by a line of guards. Close to the throne on either side stood two and twenty mandarins, holding yellow umbrellas; next to them came ten mandarins holding gilt radiant circles resembling the sun; then six mandarins supporting circles in the shape of the full moon; and beyond these were ranged numerous standard bearers. Before the steps of the throne stood on each side six snow-white horses richly caparisoned, and sparkling with the jewels which were thrown broadcast over their harness. As the dawn advanced, a rehearsal of the impending ceremony was gone through. At the sound of a bell the chief mandarin present advanced to the empty throne, and performed the *kotow*, then followed the ambassadors, who did likewise. Down the centre of the courtyard stood twenty stones, on which were severally inscribed characters, denoting the rank of the persons who must stand or kneel beside them. After some deliberation the Dutchmen were posted at the tenth stone, and were ordered there to await the arrival of the emperor. At about sunrise his Imperial Majesty Shun-che ascended the throne. The foreign ambassadors were then called to attention, and at words of command from the court herald, they prostrated themselves thrice, and knocked their heads on the ground nine times. Thus ended the audience. Subsequently the Dutchmen were summoned to receive the presents vouchsafed to them in exchange for their own. These they received on their knees, and again performed the *kotow* before the empty throne. In the same respectful attitude, a few days later, they received the emperor's reply to the Company's request, which, though couched in terms of condescending kindness, can scarcely have been viewed by them as a sufficient reward for the humiliation they had undergone. In it the emperor gave them leave to send a company of not more than one hundred persons once in

eight years to China, for the purposes of trade. Twenty of these merchants were on each occasion to visit Peking, with the object, doubtless, of being paraded there as subjects of a newly-attached vassal sovereign.

Incidentally in the account given of this embassy by Nieuhoff, it is mentioned that a Russian ambassador, who was in Peking at the same time as were Messrs. De Goyer and De Keyzer, was dismissed without having been granted an audience, in consequence of his having refused to *kotow* before the emperor's seal. But the difficulties which subsequently arose in carrying out the terms of the treaty concluded between the Russian and Chinese Governments at Nerchinsk in 1689, induced the Czar to send another envoy to Peking with orders to make the best terms he could with the Emperor Kang-he. In the summer of 1719, therefore, M. Ismayloff, accompanied by a large staff, on which was Mr. Bell, an Englishman, from whose narrative we gather the following particulars, left St. Petersburg for the Chinese capital. The rumour that he was willing to yield much in order to place his government on a friendly footing with the court at Peking, seems to have preceded M. Ismayloff, for on his arrival he was lodged in the house set apart for the accommodation of the caravans from Russia, known as the Russia House, and, until he protested, the form of locking and sealing with the emperor's seal the gate of his lodging at ten o'clock in the evening, was gone through. The faint show of resistance which he offered to the terms on which he was to be admitted into the presence of the emperor, was easily overborne by the mandarins, and the 28th November was appointed for the ceremony. As the emperor was then residing at a palace about six miles from Peking, the ambassador and suite were obliged to leave their lodgings at eight in the morning. On their arrival at Tzan-shu-yang, they were detained in a waiting-room for half an hour, and were then led into an open courtyard, where they were invited to join a number of mandarins who were sitting cross-legged on fur cushions on the ground, "and in this situation we remained on a cold frosty morning, till the emperor came into the hall," adds poor Mr. Bell. The courtyard in which they were thus uncomfortably deposited, was large and spacious, and was enclosed by a high brick wall. The walks were spread with small gravel, and were lined with forest trees. At the end of the centre walk was the hall of audience, behind which were the emperor's private apartments. In due course the emperor entered by a back door and ascended the throne. The instant he appeared all present rose to their feet, and the master of ceremonies conducted the ambassador into the hall. M. Ismayloff, having ascended the steps, placed his credentials on a table set for the purpose, but the emperor beckoning to him, he took them up, and kneeling before His Majesty, presented them in person. This

done, the master of ceremonies led the ambassador back to his place, and then at the word of command, *Morgu*, all present, M. Ismayloff and staff included, prostrated themselves, and knocked their heads on the ground three times. The word *Boss* brought them all to their feet again. This was repeated three times, and the ambassador was then entertained at a repast. On the occasion of the other interviews accorded to M. Ismayloff, the same ceremonies were gone through, with the exception of the congratulatory audience at the festival of the new year, when he was allowed to make his compliments after the European manner. In mentioning this circumstance, Mr. Bell, curiously oblivious of the open courtyard at Tzanshu-yang on the frosty morning in the preceding November, and of the effect produced on his own person by those terrible words *Morgu* and *Boss*, says, "It seemed somewhat strange to a Briton to see some thousands of people upon their knees, and bowing their heads to the ground in most humble posture, to a mortal like themselves." After all, M. Ismayloff experienced much the same disappointment as had awaited Messrs. De Goyer and De Keyzer. His complacent conduct gained for him no advantage, and he retired from Peking leaving the conclusion of his negotiation to his secretary, M. de Lange. No better fortune attended the efforts of this gentleman, and he soon followed his chief, baffled and discomfited.

It is with a feeling of national pride that we turn from these humiliating narratives to the account of the first English embassy, which visited the Chinese court. In the year of grace 1793, His Majesty George the third sent Lord Macartney to Peking, with an autograph letter to the Emperor Kien-lung, proposing terms of amity. In fulfilment of his mission Lord Macartney proceeded to the mouth of the Peiho, and ascended that river in a native junk as far as Tung-chow, a town distant twelve miles from the capital. True to their policy of treating all ambassadors as envoys from tributary states, the Chinese, unknown to the Ambassador, hoisted over his boat a flag on which were inscribed characters, which being interpreted meant "Ambassador bearing tribute from the country of England." Notwithstanding this slight, Lord Macartney was received with great civility, and on his disembarkation was conducted with every available comfort through Peking to a villa between that city and Yuen-ming-yuen, where it was at first arranged he should stay until the time came for him to proceed to Jehol, where the emperor then was. This villa was surrounded with extensive grounds, covering at least twelve acres, which were laid out with considerable taste. After depositing the presents destined for the emperor at Yuen-ming-yuen, and arranging for the residence at that place of those of his staff who were engaged in piecing them together, Lord Macartney moved into Peking, where "a spacious edifice or palace" was set apart for his use. Here negotiations were opened as to the ceremony of

audience. The mandarins insisted that unless he consented to *kotow* he could not be admitted to the Imperial presence. After much discussion Lord Macartney expressed himself willing to yield the point, on condition that a mandarin of equal rank with himself should *kotow* before a picture of George the third which he had with him. This proposal was forwarded to Jehol, and was immediately followed by Lord Macartney in person. To his surprise, on reaching his destination, his despatch containing the above proposal was returned to him unopened, and almost as unexpectedly he was told that the emperor would require him only to make in his presence the same obeisance which he was in the habit of making before his own sovereign. At five o'clock in the morning on the day appointed for his audience, therefore, he was conducted into the garden adjoining the Palace, in the centre of which was "a spacious and magnificent tent, supported by gilded or painted and varnished pillars," within which was placed the throne. In front of this marquee were small tents for the use of Lord Macartney and of the tributary envoys from Tartary and other states. "Soon after daylight," writes Sir George Staunton, "the sound of several instruments, and the confused voices of men at a distance, announced the Emperor's approach. He soon appeared from behind a high and perpendicular mountain, skirted with trees, as if from a sacred grove, preceded by a number of persons busied in proclaiming aloud his virtues and his power. He was seated in a sort of open chair, or triumphal car, borne by sixteen men; and was accompanied and followed by guards, officers of the household, high flag and umbrella bearers, and music . . . He was clad in plain dark silk, with a velvet bonnet in form not much different from the bonnet of Scotch Highlanders; on the front of it was placed a large pearl, which was the only jewel or ornament he appeared to have about him." Directly he was seated on the throne Lord Macartney was led forward and, "instructed by the President of the Tribunal of Rites, held the large and magnificent square box of gold, adorned with jewels, in which was enclosed His Majesty's letter to the Emperor between both hands lifted above his head, and in that manner ascended the few steps that led to the throne, and bending on one knee, presented the box, with a short address to His Imperial Majesty."

This difficulty as to the manner of his presentation having been once overcome, he was not again urged to perform the *kotow* at any of the audiences which were granted to him; and on his return to Peking he was allowed to travel on the lower of the two roads set apart for the use of the emperor and his household. The emperor soon followed the ambassador to Peking, and examined with much interest the presents sent him by George the third, among which was a large English carriage. In putting the different parts of the carriage together, an incident occurred which illustrates the punctilious-

ness of the Chinese in matters of etiquette. When the workmen were fixing on the coachman's seat, the mandarins were horrified to find that it was intended that a servant should sit on a higher seat than the emperor, and the workmen were instantly ordered to lower it to the required depth. Only the other day a somewhat parallel case was reported from Peking. A mandarin, after an audience with the emperor, left, as he was in duty bound, a card on the dowager empress, but by an oversight placed her name lower on the paper than strictly speaking he should have done. For this offence he was degraded.

On the occasion of the emperor's birthday Lord Macartney attended a levee of a kind which is to be met with in no other part of the world than in China, and as like ceremonies are performed at the present day, we shall quote Sir George Staunton's account of it. "The princes, tributaries, ambassadors, great officers of state, and principal mandarins were assembled in a vast hall; and upon particular notice were introduced into an inner building, bearing at least the semblance of a temple. It was chiefly furnished with great instruments of music, among which were sets of cylindrical bells suspended in a line from ornamental frames of wood, and gradually diminishing in size from one extremity to the other, and also triangular pieces of metal arranged in the same order as the bells. To the sound of these instruments a slow and solemn hymn was sung by the eunuchs, who had such a command over their voices, as to resemble the effect of the musical glasses at a distance. The performers were directed in gliding from one tone to another by the striking of a shrill, sonorous cymbal. . . The whole had indeed a grand effect. During the performance, and at particular signals, nine times repeated, all the persons present prostrated themselves nine times, except the ambassador and his suite, who made a profound obeisance. But he whom it was meant to honour, continued, as if it were in imitation of the deity, invisible the whole time." Shortly after this, Lord Macartney took his departure, and although he failed to secure any great concessions for his countrymen at Canton, he gained for his government a consideration in the eyes of the Chinese which it has never entirely lost.

Whether the bow having been bent in one direction, in the case of Lord Macartney, inclined the Chinese to be more than usually exacting to the next comers, or whether the recollection of the submissive tone adopted by Messrs. De Goyer and De Keyzer encouraged them to treat the ambassador of the Dutch East India Company, who arrived during the following year, as a vassal envoy, certain it is that nothing could exceed the haughty behaviour of the emperor and his ministers towards him. And it is amusing to observe how he was partly cajoled into submission by the favourable comparisons which were repeatedly drawn by the mandarins between his conduct

and that of Lord Macartney, and the consequent disposition of the government towards him. This system was commenced immediately on his arrival at Peking, by the presentation to him, from the emperor, of a large sturgeon, which he was given to understand was intended as a sign that His Majesty was disposed to treat him "plus favorable-ment que les Anglais venus l'année dernière." This marked attention drew from the ambassador and his suite the equally marked response of a *kotow* apiece.

On the day fixed for their reception, they repaired to the palace at five o'clock in the morning, and at 6.15 were taken to a spot in the grounds, where, surrounded by envoys from Thibet, Corea, Mongolia, and Manchuria, they were told to await the passage of the emperor. After an interval, His Imperial Majesty issued out from the west door of the palace, borne in a sedan chair. On approaching the Dutchmen, his cortège halted, and the ambassador, falling upon his knees, presented the box containing his credentials, to a mandarin, who handed it to the emperor. This was a signal for the ambassador to *kotow*, and as the emperor passed on, after having made a few remarks, he again made an obeisance. But his morning's trials were not yet over, for the instant he and his staff regained their feet, they were severally seized by the arms and were hurried off to a miserable apartment, where they breakfasted, "d'une manière qui aurait chez nous tous les caractères d'incivilité et de la rudesse;" and if the narrator, M. Van Braam, had added, in China also, he would not have been very wide of the mark. Possessed apparently with a ritualistic love of genuflexions, the ambassador and his lieutenant, Van Braam, paid homage on their knees, not only to the emperor, but also to his ministers, an act of complacency which drew from the latter the comforting assurance that they were "placés dans l'opinion du souverain et de son premier ministre, fort au-dessus les Anglais." We will not further particularize the numerous occasions on which they sought their knees during their stay in Peking. Suffice it to say that on the very smallest provocation they bowed themselves to the earth. On the reception of a bag of grapes from the emperor, on the emperor's passing on his way to and from the Temple of Heaven, on being presented to him at the theatre, at all these and many other times the representatives of the Dutch East India Company prostrated themselves thrice, and knocked their heads on the ground nine times. And all to what purpose? Certainly not that they might gain any political advantage, but rather apparently that they might be the recipients of every conceivable indignity. When M. Van Braam went to hand over the presents sent by the Company, to the prime minister, he was detained from six in the morning until nine in a miserable apartment "auquel un corps-de-garde Hollandais perdrait d'être comparé." Once the ambassador, who was suffering from rheumatism, was roused at half-past two in the morning to

go to court, and on arrival was told that the emperor did not require his attendance. In return for a *kotow* as the emperor passed in the street, he received as a great compliment a repast consisting of some nasty scraps which looked as if they had been "rongées." "Tout ce dégoûtant ensemble était sur un plat sale et paraissait plutôt destiné à faire le régal d'un chien que le repas d'un homme." And, finally, he was dismissed without any sign of favour, and his petition to be allowed to return to Canton by water was refused.

The tricks and subterfuges with which the mandarins have ever tried to squeeze *kotows* out of unwilling envoys are so exactly alike that a certain sameness necessarily characterizes the records of the various embassies. We shall not, therefore, follow the details of Lord Amherst's mission in 1816. It is sufficient to know that he steadily refused to gain the advantages to be derived from an audience at the expense of performing the humiliating ceremony of the *kotow*, and that immediately on his arrival at Yuen-ming-yuen he was summarily ordered to return from whence he came. We shall refer to one more mission to the Chinese court, that of Mr. Ward the American Minister in 1859, because it differs from those mentioned above, in that while those envoys who were willing to eat an unlimited quantity of dirt, were admitted into the "Sacred Presence," and those who preferred maintaining the dignity of the sovereigns they represented, were, with the exception of Lord Macartney, excluded from the audience chamber, Mr. Ward managed to a certain extent to combine both misfortunes. Instead of supporting Sir Frederick Bruce in his just demand to be allowed to proceed to Peking for the purpose of ratifying the treaty, by the Peiho, the recognised official route, he, in the vain hope of deriving some political advantage, allowed himself to be persuaded to land at a place appointed by the Chinese, and from thence to proceed to the capital. The folly of this course was soon made apparent to him. On his disembarking, he found provided for his conveyance a common, springless, two-wheeled country cart. In this he was jolted over many miles of one of the worst roads to be found anywhere. On reaching Peking, he was poorly lodged, deprived of all liberty of action, and before his aching bones had recovered from the effects of his journey, was told that the emperor had determined that the ratification of his treaty was to be executed at the village on the coast at which he had landed. Once more he took his seat in a springless cart, and his departure from Peking was followed by the publication of an edict, which, if it were possible that anything could add a drop of bitterness to his cup, must have done so. It ran thus:—

"We have this day perused the reply of the American barbarians to the communication of Kweiliang and his colleagues—

"(It shows that) in the matter of their presentation at court nothing more can be done to bring them to reason. Besides these

barbarians, by their averment that their respect for his Majesty the Emperor is the same as that they feel for their Pih-li-si-tien-teh (President), just place China on a par with the barbarians of the South and East, an arrogation of greatness which is simply ridiculous.

"The proposition of yesterday, that they should have an interview with the Princes, need not either be entertained."

We have followed the fortunes of the several embassies in the desire to bring out in as vivid colours as is possible, the lesson they teach, and which it behoves us, especially at the present time, to take to heart. And assuredly if they point any moral, it is this; that in the eyes of Chinamen, to adopt a yielding submissive policy, is to acknowledge oneself weak, or in other words to invite the contemptuous insults of a people who recognize only one title to respect—power; and that a firm, honest, straightforward line of conduct will alone reduce the pride and mitigate the disdain of the haughty celestials. The time has now arrived when, in the matter of the Audience Question, a strong line of policy should be adopted. Our only hope of being able to place ourselves, in the eyes of the Chinese, on terms of equality with themselves, rests on inducing the Emperor to receive foreign ministers as envoys of sovereigns in no way inferior to himself. As long as they submit to be excluded from the audience chamber, so long do they tacitly acknowledge, from a Chinaman's point of view, the supreme sovereignty of the "Son of Heaven." It is no use to argue that they assert their rightful position by refusing to accept the emperor's terms of admission. Their unwillingness to perform the *kotow* is simply pointed at as another instance of the unruly, unreasonable disposition of the "foreign devils," and their exclusion from court as the just punishment of their obstinacy. The excuse founded on the infancy of the emperor, which has, during the last twelve years stood Prince Kung in such good stead, falls to the ground now that his Imperial Majesty Tung-chi has formally assumed the reins of power. The commencement of this new order of things furnishes us with an opportunity for insisting on a right, which is looked upon among civilised nations as essential to the conduct of diplomatic relations. It is quite possible that the Chinese government may try to shelve, for the present, the consideration of the subject. Nowhere, in such matters, is the advantage of gaining time more thoroughly understood than in China. Firmly grappled with now, the question might probably be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Five years hence it would be solved only *vi et armis*.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

THE SECRET.

"Il faut qu'étant auprès de vous, je suis un secret entre vous et moi, et un énigme pour tous les autres."—BALZAC (17th Century).

"BIRD," I said, "that in Autumn grey,
Singing so sweet when the sunlight sped
Lies low on the hill, and the darkening way
Is drifted o'er with the light leaves shed,
Wert thou wounded, for now I see
That little breast of thine is red?
Hath any loved thee? and wert thou fed
On the wine of the berry wild and free?
Hast thou been mated, and wooed, and wed?"
Then sang the Bird: "I sing to thee;
I sing when the Spring's light leaves are shed,
I sing when the Summer day for dead
Lies lapped, of its passing sweet and brief
I sing to thee! of the flower and the leaf
I sing," sang the Bird. "I sing to thee,
But I tell to none my historie."

"Flower or herb, that with eager quest
For thy perfume rare of leaf and stem
I have sought for east, I have sought for west;
Now that I find thee among the rest,
With flowers that grow near the beaten way,
Thou bloomest, and even, like one of them,
Thou art not sweet, methinks, nor gay."
Then the Flower said: "Other-where
Seek thou for flowers that are sweet and fair.
I lived through the bitter frost that slew
The sheltered bloom of the orchard's pride;
I lived on the burning wind, I grew
Through the summer drought when the roses died;
I lived," said the Flower, "I was sweet, not gay,
And my life in its giving passed away;
Dost thou find me shrunken, and sere, and dry?
If I please thee not, thou canst pass me by."

But as thou wert mounting the hill-side steep,
And as thou wert climbing the rock-hewn stair,
Didst thou meet with an odour strange and deep?
I have lived," said the Flower, "and my soul was there,
It is not mine both to give and keep."

"Voice," I said, "that upon my way,
At the close of the twilight dank and chill,
Dost meet me, and then flit away;
Art thou a shade among shadows gray,
Or the voice of one who is living still?
Doth power go with thee, and strength, and will;
What art thou?" Then the Voice said, "A voice
That crieth of things that are yet to be.
If thou hearest me, then abide, for thee
I have a message from God: Rejoice,
I say, or else lament with me.
If thou hearest not, pass on, forbear
And leave me, as I leave thee, free.
To meet thy question is not my care,
I have an errand, but not with thee."

DORA GREENWELL.

MARGARET AND ELIZABETH.

By KATHERINE SAUNDERS,

AUTHOR OF "GIDEON'S ROCK."

JOURNAL OF HECTOR BROWNE, CAPTAIN OF THE "ROSABELLA,"
HOMEWARD BOUND.

PART I.

Aboard the "Rosabella," Saturday, July —, —.

I'm to make a sort of private log, the governor says, and put into shipshape all that's happened to me this last two year. He says it will improve my scholarship (not before it's needed, neither, governor), and may be useful to take facts from some day. At first I can't say I took to the idea, for, as I said, I must make a logbook—that's a logbook and nothing more—or I must let all out that's in me; and as you know, governor, I said every man has run on rocks he'd liever not tell of some time in his life. The governor has his answer to that. "Let all out," says he, "and afterwards use what you like and hold back what you like. I agree with you in not liking to write down part only. It may be very bad for a man to lie to other men, but it's worse for him to lie to himself, for it makes him both seller and buyer of a rascally bit of goods." I think you're right there, governor, as you generally are.

That much settled, I sat down the other night to begin; but it came upon me all of a sudden what a fool I was to be writing to myself, which I expressed to the governor next day. "Nonsense," says he. "Write to me—though, mind, you never need show me what you have written unless you like, or only such parts as you like. Write to me about such things as you would naturally say you *would* tell me about; or write to your wife such things as you would naturally tell *her* about."

It certainly makes it easier, regarding it in that light. But even so, now I have come to the point, I find it uncommon stiff work, and must own to having sat through two watches, staring at the paper, before I began a word.

It seems to me it would be a vast deal easier to begin my yarn at this end and go backwards, but the governor he won't hear of that. "No, no," says he; "I've often seen our young lady passengers take up a book and begin to *read* it in that style, but it wouldn't do to *write* it so," says he.

Well, the governor ought to know, he ought, such a man as that ; such a man the governor is ! But I must come to him in my yarn at the right time and in the right place, though I mean to go back this far, and that is to say that I am aboard the *Rosabella*, that the *Rosabella* belongs to the governor, and that I am captain of her, and that she is homeward bound. Those two words are the first my pen has written easily. *Homeward Bound !* It seems as if it would like to write nothing but that all over the paper. Homeward bound ; homeward bound ; Captain of the *Rosabella*, homeward bound !

Wife, I am to write parts to you, the governor said ; and it seems to me that when I once get into it it must be pleasant work writing to you, whether you ever see it or no ; very pleasant work for these lonesome hours, and for eeking out my patience when there's not a whiff of wind and the sails are still as a dead bird's wing, and the stars crowding out over us as if they'd come to look at something dead and stark. And it seems as if the Almighty had forgotten me—me and all the lives here with me in the *Rosabella*, homeward bound.

I will begin then with copying out your letter. Not from itself—no, I have sealed it up never again to be opened or looked at till you may see, with your own dear eyes, what I wrote on the back of it, the same hour that it reached me. I have wrapped it in many covers of waterproof, and placed it—with some jewels meant for a certain person—in a belt that I wear slung about me. We'll be saved or lost together.

But is there a word in the letter, a stop, or a single flourish of the graceful handwriting that I don't know by heart ? Well, you shall judge, for here it is :—

“MY DEAR HUSBAND,

“Knowing not into whose hands this may fall, which is but one of many similar letters I have sent to different parts of the world, I think it best to say no more than is necessary.

“After the receipt of your farewell letter, telling me of your sudden departure, the cause of which I guessed, I could not tell till I had seen my former mistress—his mother—and told her all. She was most kind and considerate, and, I thought, deeply moved. She told me he had been so seriously injured, that he was unable for many months to leave his chamber, and that then for a long period he had to give up all hope of his profession, in which his prospects had been so brilliant.

“I think you will be touched to hear, as I was, that she was absolutely ignorant, like every one else, as to his assailant, for he *had said nothing*. And she was greatly surprised that you had been troubled on the matter, and could not at all understand it. I left her with the promise she would shortly write to me. She did not

write—but came ; and has just left me. She assures me no action whatever has been taken, and that all is forgiven. He is quite recovered, and now on his way to India with increased rank. I have much more to tell you—when you return to her who, on her knees, prays for your safety night and day, and now signs herself, with all her heart's dearest love, your own

“MARGARET.”

“P.S. Is it possible Will was your informant, and that he has deceived you in order to draw you away?”

Patience, wife, and you shall know all about that and other things more likely still to interest you.

Our ship was going on what was called a “speculative” sort of voyage under old Captain Hodge. That’s all he told us when we signed articles in his little office, and hurried us aboard. And we found the rest of the crew were about as wise as ourselves. I was first, and Will second mate. Will made himself mighty agreeable on the voyage. His Shakspeare speeches were called for day and night by officers and crew. He acted himself stiff, and sung himself hoarse. This went on for months, and till I began to wonder how much longer he *could* be amiable. He was looked on as a harmless, merry, good-tempered chap, that shirked work and rules, but had no more mischief in him than a child. For faults that would have brought upon others the rough side of the captain’s tongue, Will had only a shake of the head or a laughing, “Come out o’ that, my boy!” So it came about at last that he might do things a good deal out of rule without anybody paying much attention to him. It is not taking much wisdom to myself to say I had my suspicions about him and his amiability, and his shirking work and rules. Now it never had been a part of Will’s character to shirk rules, nor yet to spout Shakspeare entirely for the amusement of others, (and when he was anything but Shakspeare inclined,) and I must own it puzzled me above a bit.

One of the rules he broke was gossiping to the men at all times or any. Even in the first few days he was apparently as familiar with everyone aboard as if he had set out with the ship at the beginning of the voyage.

After a time this did not seem to me all as innocent as it did to the captain. Far from it.

When I saw him come away from some one of the men he had been talking to, instead of looking at his cunning, innocent face, I looked at the man he had just left, and generally saw something there that puzzled me. Sometimes the face would have a downcast, brooding sort of look—sometimes a wild, scared look, or a greedy, grasping look ; but scarcely ever did Will leave a man after a long

gossip but some look not pleasant to see came on the face of the man he had left.

The fever next came upon us, and left us all a gloomy look-out. One night, after we had two burials and had had prayers offered up for those that lay sick, Will came and sat beside me as we were on our watch, and went on to talk in a mighty gloomy way about all our chances. He talked of the horrors of fever, of how it was spreading through the ship, of the folly of hearty, sound lives being sacrificed for a few doomed ones. He beat about the bush till I saw at last what he meant me to come at, and then I saw it in his bloodshot eyes and greedy face rather than heard it from his lips, and it was—mutiny—possession of the island off which we were then lying, and from which day by day we brought boat-loads of valuable spices and other precious things, obtained through the natives in return for the merest toys and trifles.

"Do your part as a man," says he ; "and, with your knowledge of the island and the natives, and of so many things that may come handy to us, you'll have *your* finger pretty deep in the pie. You're in a blessed plight now, most like to die of fever and be chucked overboard in a day or so. Be a man, old mate. Your wife's a proud, ungrateful hussy ; turn your back on her. Live along o' me and a score or two of true jolly mates I can draw with a wink o' my eye. And mind, my friend, that eye's on your good-looking countenance from this minute ; for, mind you, I ask that you either clap that there paw in this, and say, 'Done, old mate,' or—oh ! you put it behind you, do you, out of reach of my contaminating fingers—or, I say, most righteous, truth-telling sneak—saint I mean, of course—you just go and be a dead man or a beggar, with a quiet tongue in your head, not expecting everyone else to make the same fool's choice."

My mind was soon made up, though what it was, when made up, I didn't feel in any hurry to explain :—

"Come, come, Will," I said, "since when have you had cause to think me such a fool ? There's my hand, old mate, though you must allow me breathing time, at any rate before I can say 'done' as to this proposal. You are quick and venturesome, you know ; I am slow and sure. If this thing's to be thought of at all, I'm sure it's not to be attempted in a hurry. If you don't want me to throw myself neck and crop into it, but want a steady, safe, reliable opinion on the whole matter, I'm your man—only give me time."

"That's it," says Will ; "that's just what I do want, mate ; and you always had a long head. Go at it now, and tell me if you ever knew a better game afloat—'shush !'"

At that instant we heard a step coming, and presently the star-board watch was called, and we all went below.

The next day another burial—more sickness—Will restless—his eye constantly on me.

We had no opportunity to speak again till night.

"Well, mate," says he, "you've turned it over—what's the damage?"

"I've turned it over, Will," I said; "and I'm bound to tell you, with all respect for your opinion, the thing doesn't look the better for much turning over."

"You'd have us die like dogs, then?" says he. "This fever will go some lengths yet, I've heard the doctors tell; but still——"

He made a pause; he looked sideways; his face twitched; it was hideous. (Ugly things always *do* look uglier in the moonlight.)

"But still," says he, with a queer, drawling sort of voice, "I can but belay a bit, and consider, when a clever, long-head chap like you speaks so strong. You rayly *have* turned it over and come to this, old chap?"

"I have indeed," said I; "and you may think how unwillingly, mate."

"Well, you stagger one. Yes, you do; certainly you do stagger one," says he, in the same hesitating drawl; and he said no more that night nor the next morning.

In the afternoon the captain called all hands and read aloud a warning that had been slipped under his cabin door. It bade him look out for mutineers. He tore the paper before us all and threw the pieces to the wind, and expressed his full confidence in his crew. It might have been fancy, but it seemed to me that *I* was about the only person he looked at with any suspicion.

An hour or two after this, Will came to me with his hand tied up, said he had met with an accident, and asked me would I write for him a letter to a girl at Wapping, as we might meet some ship homeward bound before we turned off our present route. Though he told me what to write, he looked with great interest at the first few words I put on the paper.

"Ah!" says he, "that's your scratch, 'is it? I had forgot it, though I always did admire them tails."

We soon finished the letter—rather a short one—composed in a more careless style, too, than Will's love-letters usually were, with a good many small quotations from Shakspeare to eke out, he said, and containing some rather mystifying sentences, such as "*My dear charmer, expect me when you see me;*" or "*believe me my regard has never been more nor less than before I ever beheld my Susan.*"

It gave me a strong impression, as I wrote it, that the letter was not really intended for anyone, in Wapping or out of Wapping; and in a few minutes after it was written, and Will had thanked me most warmly, I saw him comparing the writing with a bit of the paper which the captain had torn and thrown away.

I knew then he had found me out in my well-intended effort to put the captain on his guard.

He looked up as I passed. My eye met his—and I saw from that moment my life was not, so far as Will was concerned, worth the smallest atom of the spray that blew upon my face.

That night, when our watch was on, he said to me, to my great surprise,—

"Hector, you are a good fellow. You have saved me and these poor chaps here from playing a fool's trick. I'll not forget this of you, Hector."

He seemed to speak in his old, natural voice. I somehow warmed to him.

"Then you really give it all up, Will?" said I, holding out my hand.

"Thanks to you, old chap!" says he, shaking my hand heartily.

The captain now fell a victim to the fever, and I took his place.

Before he died he told me things, wife, that if then I had got your letter, I could not have obeyed even your call. As you shall see, I had begun to think Will had really altered his mind after all; till one night the carpenter came to my cabin and woke me, his teeth chattering as he stood there.

"Capt'n," says he, "here's mischief brewing."

I sprang up and followed him, as he led the way, without his shoes, to the galley.

All was confusion there; the men and boys of both watches lying or lounging, half drunk, and all with fierce, bloodshot, and maudlin eyes fixed on Ranting Will, who stood on a barrel, looking more horrible than I ever saw him before, flinging his fists about and raving like a madman.

As I listened, I made out something like this:—

"No, boys! No more scurvy tricks of this kind. A dead horse is for all the crows in the field—not for one, nor yet two. Who are we that we should grind at *their* mill, and get only husks, while they have all the meal? What is it making our governors rich? Brethren, it's the gifts of Natur. And I say Natur's gifts is not for one, nor yet two—that's what I say. And, furthermore, mates of mine, I always, from earliest infancy, had a weakness for picking up and putting into my own pocket pearls that I see cast before swine. What's this island in the hands of our governors but a pearl before swine; and what are we, mates, if we stand by and see them grubbing round it in this way, instead of taking it for what it is, a pearl of great price? Mates, we are a set of strong fellows; what can't we do that we've a mind for? We've worked like galley slaves all our lives—Natur would now reward us. Natur holds out her bounteous hand from that there island, and says—'Come, my fine fellows, and take your ease.' And, mates, hark'ee, I say; come, and I'll show you the way. I say, come and make yourselves masters of these here savages. Bring civilization on this barbaric land. There's

very few of 'em; let me lead ye, like another Julius Cæsar, to the conquest. What should we wish for more than's here? Here's servants, here's beauty, here's glorious climate: no end o' summer. Would ye pitch these gifts away? What do we want now of ships and voyaging? If the captain likes to come with us, and see things in the light we see 'em, well and good; if he don't—and swine will be swine—let his bloated greediness sink him, that's all. Hah!"

He had caught sight of me, and in an instant fired at me, and as I fell, flew at my throat like a wild beast.

Then, half-senseless, I hear yells, falls, groans, sharp blows and heavy blows, pistol-shots, and a general clamour above as if Satan himself and all his crew had boarded the ship.

I attempted to rise, was again, though by what hand I know not, wounded—gashed on the side of the head—and fell insensible.

When I came to my senses I was in an open boat, in the light of the morning, and the first face I saw was Ranting Will's.

Neither he nor any other in the boat noticed me. All who were not pulling at the oars as if for life were looking back at some object on the sea behind them.

It was a ship—a Government ship in pursuit. I scarcely could keep from crying out for joy. Will's fierce, bloodshot eye turning upon me quieted me. I tried to lift myself to offer to take an oar, or pretend to help in some way; the effort made the blood rush from my wound. I fell back again unconscious of everything.

The next things that I saw were chains—the heavy chains that bound Ranting Will.

We were carried back to the ship, and thence to the nearest colony; and there being compelled to give honest testimony, and it being proved against Will that he had murdered at least three persons with his own hand—you can guess at his fate.

He told me just before his execution that it was all a lie about the warrant and the officers seeking me—and that it only occurred to him to say so, and get me away with him in the ship, when he was vexed about their treatment of him and his deeds abroad. Peace be to him.

There seemed to be a sort of wizard spell all about that particular island we were bound to. For scarcely were we within sight of it, when storms began, and continued day after day, till the crew, who had got some inkling of a former voyage to the same spot that had ended badly, began to look black, seeing how pertinaciously I watched for every chance of running into the little bay I saw, behind all those dangerous rocks.

But I made them feel their lives were in their hands, if they lifted them against me, and so they waited sullenly but obediently till I gave the signal to direct the ship in-shore.

We were feeling our way along as gingerly through those unknown rocks and breakers, as a blind man gropes his in a place strange to him, when we struck against some hidden obstacle, then, still more violently on the other side; then, in another minute, we felt to graze the ground beneath us, while the ship, no longer floating freely, rocked from side to side unsteadily like a drunken thing.

We were doomed, we knew it, all of us; and had not the rising of the storm once more quelled for a time the passionate hatred of the men, who saw a chance the ship might be driven back by the wind and tide concurring, and that I might, therefore, be useful to them, they would have murdered me without more ado.

It is useless to dwell on the scenes of horror that followed—the breaking open the spirit stores—the drunken madness which at last infected me—the abandonment to utter despair as the ship broke up—and all was over.

Yes, the good ship went to pieces. I was the last man aboard her. I take up my life there where it was given me out of the very teeth of death; where I was born a second time, as I may say—born out of the storm and the boiling sea.

At first I felt given over to death; I felt as if death was playing with me as I tossed here and there, clinging to my little raft, playing with me as a cat plays with a mouse. Now I seemed free to float, to breathe, while the dreadful monster crouched, and eyed me with looks of lightning, and now again he leapt upon me with thundering rush and roar, and devoured me, as it seemed, into its awful jaws, and sent its fangs into my very soul. It seems to me now, when I think of it all, that I must really have died then and there; and that the life I found in me afterwards must have been a new life given not for myself but for the sake of others whom I have injured and may make amends to, and for whom I ask humbly each day and night that the Ruler of the winds and storms may safely speed the *Rosabella* homeward bound.

I am trying to remember, Margaret, how it first came to me—the knowledge of that new life.

First; yes, first of all, came a feeling of stillness, of still firm ground under me, and that was a blessed sort of feeling, I can tell you. Then I felt something warm upon my face. I could not open my eyes, for they were stopped up and blind with blood and sand; so were my ears, and the first thing I did was to put my fingers to them and clear them, and by degrees I heard several sounds, all strange, but somehow pleasant and comforting, and I lay there too-sore, and bruised, and aching to try to move. One sound was like a lot of small swift birds flying close over me; a sharp, crisp, silky sort of sound it was. I liked to hear it; I liked to feel that there was something gentle and harmless near me in my blind, helpless state. Another sound was a rustling among trees; not a rustling

made by the wind, but as if some one was shaking the trees to get apples, down it came by fits, just a-rustling and a-creaking—it put me in mind of the day Ranting Will made us rob the dame's orchard, and sent my thoughts back to that time wonderful; and what a happy thing it seemed it would be if I could find myself again as I was the morning after that robbery, crawling along home, with a slate round my neck with "Thief" written on it! Three apples, I think, we got between seven of us. I lay thinking of this in my aches and pains and stupidity; and the old school-garden wall, with the cracks in it, where we used to be able to peep through, and be almost able to touch the red currants—that old wall seemed to stand out clearer before me than any blessed thing.

I moistened my fingers and touched my eyes with them—not that I had any particular wish to see where I was or what was round me, but more because my eyes were smarting and hot. But, doing so, I moved the sand and stuff that was clotted about them, and all of a sudden I could see.

It was a wonderful sight that I did see. Wonderful enough. I wish I had, as they say in the Scriptures, the pen of a ready writer; but I haven't; and I must be satisfied with saying what comes to me, Margaret, rough and ready.

First, I saw a blue sky, but how can I tell you *how* blue? The day was a dawning, too; but how can I ever show you what sort of a dawning of the day that was? It was as if all the jewels that ever were grew up round the horizon of that sky in streaks and patches, like flower-beds in a garden, and all running into one another and changing, as I could never tell you how. And, Margaret, that sea! It was swollen still, and sobbing like a child that cannot stop itself when its passion is over, and there was a beam of light lying right across it. Somehow, there came into my head those words of the song,

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,

for the beam of light seemed to me so like the arm of Some One Mighty stretched across the troubled waters to rock them to rest. So it did not seem to me that all my mates who had gone down were really dead, but only that they were hushed in their wild passions,—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

It was poetry enough for me—just that one line was; and I kept saying it to myself over and over again, as I looked slowly about, and saw how peaceful everything seemed, and glad and beautiful.

The crisp, silky sound I had heard was made by swarms of swallows flying here and there about the rocks, where they seemed to have nests. The rustling and creaking, apple-gathering sort of sound was far behind me, as I lay with my feet towards the sea, and I was unable to turn to look that way. I guessed I was somewhere on the

Fortunate Islands, which I had heard mentioned, and once before had passed near to, but which I knew nothing about. I wondered about them now, and about the dangers there might be near me. But wherever I looked there was sunshine, and whatever I heard was peaceful-sounding and pleasant. I could but think that *this* island, at least, was free from savage creatures, and all secure and peaceful,—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Do you remember, Margaret, one evening when I came to see you, you were in such trouble about your lilac-trees? You wanted to send the blossoms to market the next morning, that you might have money to get a present for your little sister that was going out to place. They were all drooping and dead-looking with the heat and dust, and we both thought they would be of no account. Then there was rain in the night, you'll recollect, and shine in the early morning. So I says to myself, "I'll go over with my knife, and see if Margaret's lilacs are a-looking up a bit." There they were, all fresh and crisp, and my darling under them, with the bright drops on her hair, and her pretty face so glad. And "Come, Hector," she says; "here they are all right again; they'll buy little Jenny a gown, and apron too."

Margaret, that morning as I lay on the island, all the Almighty's world seemed to me to have got fresh and blooming in a single night—just like your lilac-trees. It was as if all the sin and misery had been washed out by the storm, as the rain washed the dust and deadness from your lilacs.

The very rocks were clean and pretty-coloured as I never saw rocks before. Only I seemed a bit of the old dark night left. It seemed to me that I should have been swept away with the rest of the misery and evil that had passed from the world, and that I had no right to be lying there—a spot of blackness on the morning's beauty; but when I tried to lift myself up, that I might crawl somewhere out of brightness, my pains held me to the ground. I was fain to lie still, and the sun shone warm on me. That Mighty Arm of Light that lay over the sea was over me also. I trembled under its brightness and warmth. I turned my face to the earth; but a stupor that was rest from pain came over me, and it was as something had told me that I—even I!—might dare rest here, under that arm of light, and share in the sweet peace of the island,—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And in my sleep I thought the swallows twittered those words, and the sea sang them, as the Arm of Light lay warm across the ocean and the shore,—

Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

PART II.

LAT—There I am again, always forgetting this has nothing to do with the regular log. I may tell you, though, that we've had a hindrance since I last wrote in this book. Greater part of the Java pepper, which the governor gave me particular orders about, got spoilt through a blundering idiot setting a leaking barrel of rum on the top of it. So we have been back to Batavia since I last wrote here—a hindrance of three weeks. I was so put out about it altogether, I am afraid the boys have found me an ill-tempered brute; yet they are good chaps, and lively, and regular as clockwork, and seem to like me, which I know is for the governor's sake, and not mine.

I see that I got as far as where I fell asleep on the island.

When I woke I guessed I must have slept nigh twelve hours. The sun was far west. I was almost lightheaded with want of food and water—most of all I wanted water. I got up, giddy and trembling, and turned me to where I had heard the rustling and creaking of trees that I might find me a stick. I saw a great cluster of trees and a lot of queer grey creatures on them, and between them, and at the feet of them—all staring at me. Presently they all turned their tails towards me and made a scamper of it. Monkeys they were.

It added to the strangeness so. My head gave way; I sank down, half-kneeling, half-sitting, and staring into the trees.

One of the creatures came back, and, keeping a little behind one of the tree trunks, stared at me for a long time. It had a cocoa-nut in its hand prepared, I suppose, to throw at me if I showed any signs of coming near. How I wished it would throw it at me! Ah! how I hungered for it and thirsted, though I hated the taste of them, having been allowanced once, when a cabin-boy in the *Portsmouth Sally*, on two of them and half a biscuit a day, when we had run short of victuals somewhere in this sea! But now what wouldn't I have given that creature to throw it! I should have tried to scare him and make him do it, but I was afraid to bring on all his tribe and make enemies of them at the beginning, which was as well not to be, I thought.

I felt in my pockets and found a piece of biscuit. It was a very small piece, and I devoured it nearly all, and nearly forgot why I had looked for it. I managed with difficulty, though, to save a bit, which I pretended to taste with great relish, and then held it out to the creature. It licked its chops and worked the skin of its forehead up and down at me, and chattered to itself and looked so human like; and seeing that, fool that I was in my bitterness and lightheadedness, I fell to begging and praying of the brute for the food it held in its ugly hand. Margaret, if the *Rosabella*, homeward bound,

comes safe to its journey's end, and I and the money I bring to you—to you—if ever, then, good fortune makes me proud, remind me of that time. Oh, what a picture of a man! Remind me how I knelt there on the lonely foreign shore, with that lonely, lonely, sailless sea behind me, the burning sun shining on my bare, dazed head; the great tree, with its large, strange leaves standing out from the rest before me, and the creature grinning and holding the cocoa-nut in its hand; and me, in my tattered clothes, kneeling there, holding out my hand and crying like a child, and praying and begging of a little grey monkey!

It took no notice of my folly, except by working the skin of its forehead up and down, faster, and catching tight hold of the tree trunk with its tail; and by-and-by the mad fit wore off me and I began to coax it again.

Recollecting that the creatures are quick at imitating, I took a stone and rolled it gently a little way towards it. It shuffled about, scratched its head, and looked vastly interested. I rolled two more stones in the same way; and at last the creature came a step or two nearer, put its hand close to the ground, rolled the nut towards me, and rushed up the tree as if frightened at what it had done. When I had the nut in my hand I forgot the creature's very existence; and, breaking my treasure open with my knife, drank the milk, and you may be sure it was sweeter to me than any draught I ever drank in my life before.

When I had finished my meal I saw my friend the monkey watching me. He had evidently been watching me all the time. I nodded to him, which amused but puzzled him, and after a little while he jumped from tree to tree, and made off towards the more distant woods, to which his people had gone at first sight of me.

I felt very lonely then. I sat down and watched the swallows settling in their nests. I watched the grand day going and going, and the grand night coming over me with its deep, deep blue and large, clear stars, and I felt no wish to sleep more. I felt as I could only sit or walk beside the sea and look about me, and think how strange, and beautiful, and awful, and lonely it all seemed.

I saw great snakes twisting and twirling on the ground and in the trees. I fancied I heard the cries of strange animals far away in the distant forests. I stuck to a certain length of ground as if it was a deck, and walked up and down strange and lonely. Oh! how strange and lonely!

It was not in my thoughts to make complaint, inward or outward, of my loneliness. I felt it was the will of the Great Keeper of the sea, whose laws I had gone against. I felt it was His will I should be put here, away from my fellow-men, to feel my helplessness, among the beasts and reptiles. I did not even dare to wish for death. When the night and its awfulness and stillness wore away,

and morning came, and the swallows went off to look for food in little parties, like trim little fleets of ships, and the monkeys began their rustling and creaking in the trees, and the insects came buzzing and swarming in the air, and the fish made little darts up at them from the beach pools, I thought to myself as I sat and watched and noted all,—

“As it has pleased the Maker of all these to put me here alone with them, on their level, shall I dare do less than them? Shall I dare sit and despair, and fast, and die, while these seek diligently for their food, and praise Him by their very happiness?”

And I crawled down to the pools and caught some fish, spearing it with my knife fastened to the end of a pole, as the savages do; and made me a fire, and cooked and ate, and was filled and strengthened.

Just as I was finishing, something came against my shoulder with a pretty smart blow. It was a fine cocoa-nut. Looking round in the direction it must have come from, I saw my little friend the monkey grinning at me from behind the same tree-trunk. I was delighted, though I did not want the cocoa-nut; which, however, I stowed away against a “rainy day,” after making so much of it before him that he scampered off and fetched another and another after, so I was not likely to starve for want of cocoa-nuts. It was some time before I could teach him that I wanted his friendship more than his cocoa-nuts; but at last he trusted me so far as to accept some of the nut from my hand, and after that our acquaintance improved every hour. It was by watching this creature that I discovered in the afternoon a spring of cold bright water. Many other blessings in the way of food I found that day; and the night, when it came round, was not near so lonely or so awful to me as the first night. Besides, I had lighted my signal-fire on a high, flat rock, and I had that to watch and think about.

Days passed. I could not, if I tried, tell you about each. I got more skilful in providing for myself. While the fine weather lasted, I thought I need have no fear of anything worse happening to me than madness from looking in vain so long and so longing at the sea, and finding it always lonely, always speckless.

My friend the monkey, that I had named the “Friar of Orders Grey,” and called “Friar” for short, spent most of his time with me; and if I told half the things I taught him to do for me—and the least wonderful half, too—I know I should not be believed. Without his assistance in bringing sticks, my signal-fire must often have gone out. He grew accustomed to watching it with me, and he would sometimes look from it across the sea, and from across the sea into my face, as wondering what I could be looking for.

He sat down with me regularly to my meals, and it went hard with me but what I gave him his fill. He got mighty fond of me, and I was thankful for his society—laugh at me if you like, governor

and Margaret—I was thankful, deeply and humbly thankful. Not but what we had tiffs sometimes. Perhaps Friar, if we had anything extra nice for dinner, would bounce upon the makeshift table and get a backhander from me, that sent him yelling out of the cave where we were dining. He would soon come back, though, and stand at a respectful distance, sniffing and turning up his eyes in a most doleful manner, that one couldn't refuse him. I was very fond of the creature.

He would often sulk by the hour if I had been long away from our usual old haunts. Sometimes I made long excursions inland, or along the coast, and sometimes he would decline having anything to say to me when I came back, tired and done up, because I had kept him waiting for a meal. It used to do me good to sit and abuse him soundly for a sulky beggar, or coax him round, just as I felt inclined.

Still the days went on, and still the great sea was without a speck—north, east, south, or west.

Sometimes I sickened of it all—the sea, the sky, the forests, the strain after food, the weary wear and tear of body to keep in life—such a life!

I sickened of the fire and its vain, vain hope. I would let it darken, and deaden, and die, and then stand and look at the ashes and say to myself, "There, look upon the truth; there is your hope—dead, dead!"

Sometimes when I had quite given up and lay under a tree or in a corner of a cave half wishing to die, old Friar he would come and sit by and look so hungry and pitiful, I was fain to get up and turn to again and find food for us both.

I hinted to him now and then that it was rather hard he should look to me for his living when times were so bad; but he never took the hint, and perhaps he knew what was best for me, for I might often have gone without a meal if it had not been for the thoughts of him.

Sometimes a wild, restless feeling—a sort of madness—would come over me at the number of sticks in the sand by which I marked the days, and at the sight of the sea—always lonely, always speckless—and I turned my back on all that part of the island I knew so well, and went deep into the forests.

One day, when I had been on the island six weeks, I had one of my desperate moods, and went off up the mountain, a way I had never taken before.

It was early in the morning when I started. I walked as I never walked before in my life. I might have been running from some deadly enemy, and I was; I was running from myself—from one that wanted to make away with my life. It was early in the morning that I began my journey; it was night before I wished to turn back, and then I felt I was lost, and began to think of my signal-fire,

and my cave, and old Friar, and long for them as for home. I was lost.

I lay down and slept. In the morning all was strange. When I had eaten of some food I had brought with me, I began to think of a new plan by which this long journey might be turned to some advantage. It was this. To light another fire on quite another part of the coast. Ah! governor, we are queer creatures, glad to-day to live on the mere shadow of the hope we threw away yesterday, when we were determined to die of despair!

All the next day I journeyed, and towards night-fall scented salt water. That was the coolest night I had known since I had been on the island. I was glad to lie down to sleep under a wall of cliff. It was a dark night, and damp with mist, that soaked my rags and tatters through and through.

When I woke the sun was shining, which I had hardly expected to find. I climbed up the cliff to look at the sea, which I had not seen for two days. I looked over the top of the cliff and saw the most extraordinary sight I ever had seen in all my life.

I saw some three or four dozen savages—naked, small-limbed, large-headed—smearing themselves all over with mud; others were shooting at fish in a little creek under the cliff; others mending great arrows.

You may think what the sight was to me, bursting in on me like that; but you can never think, Margaret—no, nor you, governor—what it was to a man who had gone through what I had in loneliness and now to see, sitting quietly mending nets in the midst of them all, a man. When I say, a man, I mean a sailor, that is an English sailor.

PART III.

We have had a weary stay at the Cape, and have suffered not a little through it, for the heat has been frightful. We have had so much doctoring and one thing and another since we left shore, that I have not been able to get to this till now.

I left off where I was looking over the cliff at the savages and the governor—I mean the sailor sitting in the midst of them, mending a fishing-net.

I was so taken by surprise altogether that I forgot to mind myself while I was looking, and there was my fool's head over the cliff for the first native that cast an eye that way to see.

At first they were too busy to take any notice of anything, what with their arrow-mending and fish-shooting, and washing with mud, which I afterwards heard from the governor they did to protect themselves from the insects, which had worried me a bit, I know.

My eyes were most taking count of the sailor. He wore tolerably tidy clothes, by which I guessed he had not been there long. He was a stout chap, not very tall, but big built, and looking as though he could thrash a dozen of the varmints that were mudding themselves round him.

He had light curly hair, grown long, and blowing about his thick sunburnt neck and big forehead. He had broad cheeks and a big mouth full of the strongest, whitest ivories you ever saw, with which he used to bite the string of the net he was mending. But the thing that struck me most about the governor—I mean this sailor-chap among the natives—was his eye, the brightest, blackest, cleverest sort of eye. There was all the life and fun in it of Ranting Will's without the brimstone. The way it looked round on those natives and like laughed to itself was a thing not to forget in a hurry. Sometimes it looked seawards long and hard, and then it told a tale. Ah! governor, it told a tale. Whether sweetheart or wife, I could not read then, governor; but I could read the impatience, the weariness, the heart-sickness; I could understand what the sight of that sea was to you—that sea, always lonely, always speckless. Yes, yes. Well, well, I could understand it.

Once he stood up and took a harder, longer look, with his stout arm shading his eyes, and holding his net loosely in his other hand. He stood so long in that way that the natives began to notice him, and, as I thought, got uneasy. At last they called a chap that I afterwards heard was reckoned a scholar among them through his having been taught a few words of English from a poor missionary that came among them once, and that they drove away after nearly starving him to death. Well, this learned chap was called from his fish-spearing at the water's edge and ordered to see into the matter. So he goes up to the sailor and says,

“What brother Izee looking for?”

The sailor eyes him with a vast contempt, and answers,

“Fish!”

The other nods and says,

“Good!” and explains to his people, who all seem satisfied that it is good. And soon I saw that they looked upon the sailor as a sort of fish enchanter. I supposed—and I was right—that that had come about through his having a fishing-net—a thing they had never seen before.

When he sat down again he went busily to work at his net-mending, and still eyed the natives with looks part amused, part contemptuous, part miserable, and now and then he would talk to himself aloud. It was pleasant, pleasanter than I can say, for one like me to hear a man's voice again—a hearty, jolly voice, too, like the governor's. He would look at the mud-washers, and would say, as he bit the string of his net,

"Go it, my hearties! You'll be handsome presently, you will. Why, Simple Simon, that washed himself with blacking balls because he had no soap, was nothing to you. Not he! He was a gentleman, in comparison, he was.

"What makes your lordships so late this morning, I wonder? Do you expect to be a long time gone on your hunting tour? You've got an extra supply of arrows. Ah! I see—I see! I shall be left for some time to enjoy the society of the ladies, who will eat up all the food you leave for me. I see—I see!"

It was a peculiar way in which he said that "I see," half patient, half sad. It went to my heart, for it told of sharper and longer suffering than mine. It was not till you told me yourself, though, governor, that I knew they had named you after it, thinking that, as you repeated it so many times, it must be your own proper name.

But I'm getting at the wrong end of the yarn again. The sailor went on talking to himself—

"You've got a fine day for your rampage, boys. Hi, ho! I wish you'd take me along with you. You'd be afraid I might meet a handsome three-decker. I see—I see! Well, there might be some little doubt, I won't deny, as to whether I mightn't choose a change of scene and society. Agreeable as yours may be, a change is pleasant sometimes."

Just then the scholar was ordered up again to look after the net-mender. Up he comes and asks,

"Who brother Izee talk to?"

Again the sailor eyes him contemptuously as he bites his string and answers again, short and sharp,

"Fish!"

"Good!" says the scholar, and explains to the others, who all repeat something that seems to stand for good.

And the sailor goes on talking.

"Ah! it's a good thing. It is good, and it's vastly kind and generous of you all, I'm sure, to allow me to keep my tongue from rusting. I always did jaw to myself, and you might as well try to break me of sleeping or eating as try to break me of that."

He lets the net hang loose about his knees and looks seaward again, but his face was not turned right from me and I could see his black eye and something bright in it that met the sunlight and flashed and twinkled like a bit of glass upon the ground on a sunny day.

"Now, stop it, you old fellow with the scythe," he says. "How much faster are you going? You forget me; you have left me here and forgotten me, and I can see you are going over yon water, and you are making for a shore I know, and for a flower I have growing there—a flower so sweet that I can smell it here, and it keeps me alive—Love. Yes, you know, that is the name of it, and you want to cut it down. I know you, old fellow; you are very fond of cutting

those sort of flowers down. You want to cut this down, and you will; oh! yes, you will. I see—I see!”

He shakes his head and bends it down over his work, and up starts again the learned character with,

“What makes brother Izee be sad?”

And again Izee answers sharp and short,—

“Fish!”

“Good!” says the scholar, and explains; and all look with inquisitive eyes at the sea, as if wondering what the fish are up to.

And the sailor still talks to himself.

“Yes, I suppose you think this is to go on to all eternity, my hearties. Ah, I see—I see! Well!”

And he mends his net with careful, patient hands.

“I suppose it *will* go on for ever,” he says. “Yes, I suppose it will. There is no end to this sort of thing, except in story books. There has been four years of it; so why shouldn’t it go on? And it *will* go on. Yes; I see—I see! I must catch your fish, and teach your English scholar, and mind your sweet babies for you, for ever and for ever.”

And he suddenly shakes his fist at them, muttering something not at all complimentary to the race.

Up posts old wiseacre with,

“What make brother Izee angry?”

“Fish!” grunts the sailor.

“Good!” answers the scholar, and again explains to his people, who all look towards the sea this time suspiciously and indignantly, as if they judged from Brother Izee’s anger that the fish did not intend to turn up at all that morning.

As in time my astonishment wore off, and I got more used to the strange scene, I recollected to keep myself out of sight. I was now looking down on them all from behind a little bush that grew on the rock.

Hidden by this I watched the excursion-party getting ready. They took much pains in their own way to fit themselves for the occasion, and appeared mighty well satisfied when they were all ready, armed with bows and arrows and all.

The sailor watched them with a sort of weary contempt.

“How many times,” says he, “have I watched you strut off in that fashion? And how many more times shall I have to watch you? Ah! I see—I see.”

His head dropped very low over his knee where the net lay, and his face was very puckered up and weary looking.

“I see,” he says, “I see! It has been for four years, and it will be years and years and years more. And my ‘Lizbeth, she will marry again, as sure as my name’s Josh Vandereck.”

(To be continued.)